WHISK AWAY *on a* SUNBEAM

OLIVE BEAUPRÉ MILLER

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by
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Illustrated by
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PUBLISHED BY
P F VOLLAND COMPANY
NEW YORK CHICAGO TORONTO

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Chicago, U. S. A.
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FOREWORD

There's Something that's a-bubbling
In every flower that blows,
In all the nodding grasses,
In everything that grows!

There's Something leaping, laughing,
In the brooklet at its play,
There's Something that keeps smiling,
In the blue sky all the day!

There's Something soft and gentle
In the big moon's mellow light,
A-loving and caressing
All the sleeping world at night.

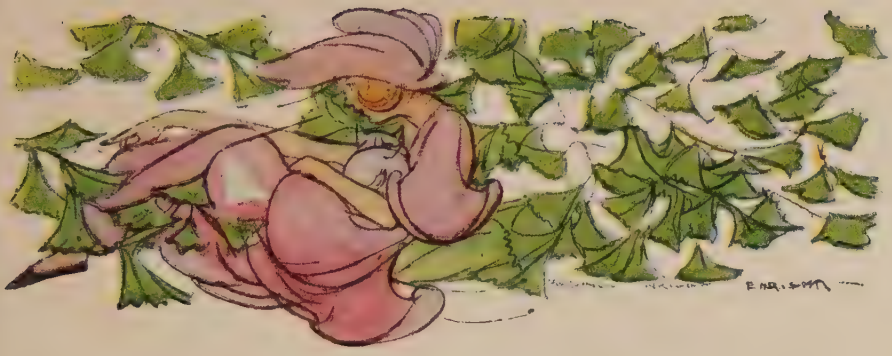
And when the stars come peeping
In blue-black summer skies,
There's Something there a-twinkling,
Like merry twinkling eyes.

There's Something blithely frisking
In the butterfly and bee.
It's all the selfsame Something
That's just bubbling up in me!

I call that Something "Fairies,"
It's alive as sure as they,
It's just as bright and sprightly,
As joyous and as gay!

And if you'd wish to venture
My Fairyland to see,
Down Sunbeam Road so lightly,
Come whisk away with me!

MAGINEL WRIGHT ENRIGHT



THE THISTLEDOWN EXPRESS

THROUGH the lacy leaves of a maidenhair fern the sunlight danced on a soft green moss bank. There sat the Fairy Queen, stroking her pet pussy-willow. A little dress of pink rose leaves had she, little shoes of pink lady-slipper, and a little pink and lavender sweet-pea cap.

"Monkshood," called Queen Lady-Slipper, "Come here!"

Out from behind the fern whisked a little elf. His hair and beard were as fluffy and white as thistledown, and he wore the purple blossom of a monkshood pulled down over his ears.

"Here I am, Queen," answered he.

"Monkshood," said Lady-Slipper, "We must have new feather beds for every couch in Fairyland. Here is my order, written on a sheet of my best apple-blossom paper. Summon my elves and read it to them."

Monkshood piped at once to the Trumpeters who stood on either side of the Queen.

"Call the Messenger Elves!"

The Trumpeters raised their long red and yellow trumpet-honeysuckles and blew a chord of low, sweet music.

Presently through the air, rising and dipping on golden dragonflies, came a whole troop of elves. Ahead of them all rode their captain, with a red turkscap lily on his head.

At the foot of the Queen's throne Turkscap sprang from his steed, but he still held the fiery creature fast by a bridle

of gossamer threads, and there, above him, the beautiful gauzy wings shimmered and shone in the sun.

"Here we are, my Queen," chirped he.

Lady-Slipper waved her hand toward Monkshood and the little fluff-bearded elf began to read her orders at once.

"Messenger elves, go to Mrs. Spider and buy from her one hundred bales of cobweb for covering feather beds. Go on then to Thistledown Meadow and gather there a thousand bales of thistledown and milkweed silk."

"It shall be done!" crowed Turkscap, and he vaulted nimbly onto his prancing dragonfly. Eager to be off at once was he, for his followers could hardly keep their restless steeds from dashing away. But Monkshood called after him:

"Stay! Stay! You must have a purse of gold to pay Mrs. Spider."

So Turkscap reined in his dragonfly once again, and made him rear and leap before the Queen, while the little Elves of the Queen's Treasure came hurrying up with a great bag made of a beautiful blue gentian.

Lady-Slipper carefully put down her pet pussy-willow and rose from her seat. Flash! went her wand in the air, and lo and behold! all the lovely golden spangles the sun was making on the green moss before her became little golden coins! And the Elves of the Treasure filled the long sack of their blue flower full of gold. Then they pulled up the purse-string till the fringed ends of the bag turned backward and the Treasure was held in safe and tight.

"Ready!" called the Chief Elf of the Treasure, and Turkscap made his swiftly flying steed skim low over the earth. Far out from his saddle he leaned and he seized the gentian purse while he was still going at topmost speed.

Off were the whole troop now. Through the grove of aspen trees with trunks like smooth white satin! In and out among lisping, whispering leaves! Across the tinkling brook! Up, up, up into the blue sky! And they never once stopped till they saw spread out below them hundreds of cobwebs

lying on the green meadows and sparkling in the morning dew. Then the troop charged downward and alighted in the very midst of the cobweb looms, where sat Mrs. Spider in a trim black gown.

"We've an order for a hundred bales of cobwebs for the Fairy Queen!" cried Turkscap, as he and his followers hitched their steeds to the tall grasses.

"And what will you pay?" queried Mrs. Spider.

"A gentian purse full of sunbeams!"

"Agreed!" And Mrs. Spider bustled off to oversee arrangements.

To the head and foot of each cobweb sprang a little sprite, and they folded the filmy cloth in neat square packages. Then they started to load it on their dragonflies.

But those little beasts darted and leaped and champed their bits beneath their burdens. No sooner were they loosed from their grasses, than streak! flash! away they flew! The fairies could scarcely hang on in their saddles!

At Thistledown Meadow Turkscap sought out a marsh where cat-tails grew. Stronger hitching posts than meadow grass they needed now. So they tied each dragonfly securely to a separate cat-tail, and crooned soft, soothing words as they took off their burdens of cobwebs. But still those unruly creatures tore and tugged at their bridles, tore and tugged, tore and tugged!

Up the tall stalks of the milkweed and thistle boldly climbed the fairies.

"Ho! Ho! Here's soft stuffing for pillows and feather beds!" they cried as they gathered the down of the seedlings.

And they began to heap up on the ground below pile after pile of fluffy white cotton. All of a thousand bales they plucked, and then Turkscap bubbled out with a little rippling shout:

"Hooray! Hooray! We've gathered enough! Let's load our dragonflies again!"

Trip, trip, skip! Away to the cat-tail marsh they scampered! But alas and alack! when they reached their stout brown hitching posts, there wasn't a dragonfly to be seen. Those fractious beasts had torn themselves loose at last and every one of them flown away!

"Oh! Oh! Oh!" cried Turkscap. "What shall we do now? How can we get all our thistledown and cobwebs back to the Queen's Bower?"

Dutchman's-Breeches answered him. He was a queer little sprite and he wore for trousers the quaint white flower whose name he bore.

"Well, you might make a train of cars!" he chuckled, for he didn't at all believe that Turkscap could do anything of the kind. But Turkscap cocked his head on one side, put his finger to his forehead, squinted thoughtfully at the sky, and then cried out boldly,

"Good! That's just what I'll do. I'll make a train of cars!"

My! but Dutchman's-Breeches wished he hadn't spoken, for Turkscap put him to work!

"Down with a hundred milkweed pods!" commanded the captain. "Out of the pods we'll make a hundred gondola cars!"

"Here with four hundred daisies!" he ordered next, and quick as a wink he had nice little wheels for each car (with white spokes, yellow hubs and rims of meadow grass)!

"Lay rails of dandelion stems!" he piped, and off, off into the distance began to stretch a line of rails.

"Now, all we need is—"

"Oh, nothing but an engine!" sniffed Dutchman's-Breeches.

Up into the branches of a little tree climbed Turkscap, and there he found an empty cocoon, open at both ends.

"Here! Come here to me!" he clamored, and six of his followers hurried at once to help him down with what he had found.

"See! this will make the body of our engine!" he said. So he left one end of the cocoon for the boiler and he fashioned the other end to make a firebox. Then in a twinkling he had given the whole four daisy wheels, a smoke stack of hollow joint grass, and last of all, a blue harebell to warn the ants off the track!

"And now all you need," grinned Dutchman's-Breeches, as the little engine and its train of cars stood complete and loaded on the track, "is the means to make the whole thing go!"

Turkscap laughed.

"Ha! Ha! Ha! Go down by the marsh, Dutchman's-Breeches, and there you'll find a pitcher-plant to carry me some water."

Sure enough, in a boggy place, Dutchman's-Breeches found a plant whose leaves were shaped like little pitchers. He picked a pitcher, filled it full of water from the marsh, and hurried back to Turkscap with the pitcher balanced on his head. And there, when he returned, he saw Turkscap dragging after him an oak-leaf sledge loaded with flaming fire-pink that he had found in a neighboring wood.

So they poured the water from the pitcher-plant into the engine boiler, and they stuffed the coals of the fire-pink into the firebox of the engine. Pretty soon, sure enough, chug! chug! up came the steam, 'round and 'round went the little wheels! Then ding dong! rang the harebell, off the track scurried the ants, and away went the train like a streak, the elves catching on everywhere as they could.

And wherever the fairy train blew up a little puff of white smoke on its way the puff hung there in the air, a gone-to-seed dandelion, and wherever it sent out behind it a shower of yellow sparks the sparks hung there and turned into golden-rod. So back to the Queen's Bower went the train, and all along its track, forever and ever, stretched a row of piff-paff-puff gone-to-seed dandelions and a yellow shower of golden-rod sparks.

WAINEL WRIGHT ENRIGHT

THE ROUND-UP OF FRACTIOUS GRASSHOPPERS

TURKSCAP and Dutchman's-Breeches sat under the Blue Flag that marked the meeting place for the Messenger Elves. In front of them was a fine level Parade Ground where they often drilled; behind was a marsh filled with cat-tails. This had once been their stables when they had a drove of dragonflies. But now all the brown cat-tails were empty. The Messenger Elves had no steeds at all.

"I know what we will have to do, Dutchman's-Breeches," said Turkscap thoughtfully, "We must capture some new steeds."

"But we don't want dragonflies again. They're too fiery!" And Dutchman's-Breeches stretched himself lazily out on the grass.

"What we want is a drove of grasshoppers!" said Turkscap. "They're strong and nimble but they spend all their days in playing. It's time they were taught to use their strength to some good purpose." So Turkscap sprang to the Blue Flag and waved its stalk to summon his elves.

First came strutting vain little Goatsbeard. He had never had a beard of his own, so he always wore a make-believe one of a bushy purple flower, a beard that looked funny enough, for it matched his yellow hair not at all! After him came Bachelor's-Button, with one huge blue button holding his coat together, then Ragged-Robin, his bright red

clothes all shreds and tatters, and last of all perky little Johnny-Jump-Up, Sweet William, and a whole crowd of others.

"Elves," cried Turkscap standing gallantly beneath the Flag, "if we would serve our Queen, we must get some new steeds. What brave elves offer to go with me and capture wild green grasshoppers of the plain?"

Dutchman's-Breeches said never a word. He just turned over and went to sleep, but Goatsbeard, Ragged-Robin and Johnny-Jump-Up all clamored in chorus:

"I go with you, I! I!"

So the three little elves and their captain made themselves lassos of meadow-grass rope. And they bound on their feet long blue spurs of the larkspur.

"If those peppery little green beasts prove too unruly," cried Ragged-Robin, "we'll tickle their sides with our spurs!"

Over their arms they looped their lassos, and off they started, single-file, marching away to the open plains where wild green grasshoppers played so free!

Down behind a fern or a stone or a bunch of grass they crouched and waited. Very, very still—watching! By-and-by, Pop! into the middle of the open space before them leaped a fine, big grasshopper!

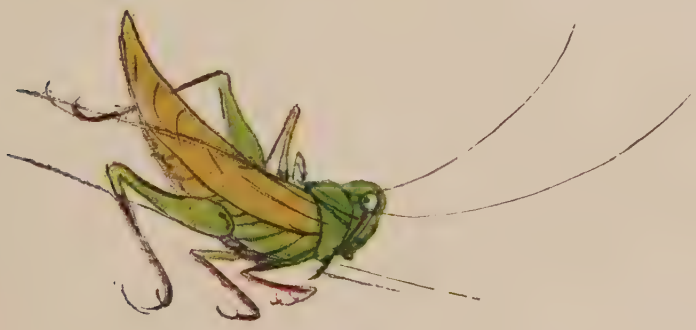
Out went Turkscap's lasso! Plump over the little creature's body slipped the noose! How he jumped and quivered! How he hopped and popped! Turkscap braced his feet against a pebble and held on tight!

In a moment along came another grasshopper and another and another. Out went Goatsbeard's lasso, and Ragged-Robin's lasso, and Johnny-Jump-Up's lasso! The little men began to shout like tinkling silver bells! Here and there and everywhere they chased! Those fractious beasts bucked and balked, and jerked the elves right off their feet. But at last each one had a grasshopper fast by the noose of his meadow-grass rope. Then back to the Parade Ground they turned their steps, dragging their chafing steeds behind them.

"Ho! Ho! Dutchman's-Breeches," they crowed as they reached the Blue Flag once again, "see what we have! Run, run to the Queen! Bid her come with her fairies to watch how we tame these spitfires."

Soon from under the whispering aspen trees, lightly tripped Lady-Slipper. Dressed in her dainty pink best was she, and behind her trooped a crowd of fairies. Some wore gowns of daffodils, some wore white or yellow lilies, some wore pink hollyhocks or lavender crocuses, gay red poppies or pale blue canterbury bells.

Under the Blue Flag Daffodil spread out a soft new pillow for her mistress, and Crocus opened a mandrake-leaf parasol to shield her from the sun. Then out onto the Parade Ground the four little elves dragged their captive steeds. And they tried to leap on their backs and seat themselves there squarely. But those grasshoppers kicked out before and those grasshoppers kicked up behind! They



reared on their long hind legs and lay down and rolled over and over. They rattled their green wing cases as fiercely as though they'd been armor! They ducked down their heads and butted, with their long threadlike feelers for horns!

"See! See!" bubbled Daffodil, "Turkscap's grasshopper has tossed him up in the air! He's turning a somersault over and over!"

Crocus drew in her breath and squealed.

"But he still hangs onto the reins!" Sure enough! Turkscap came down again square on the little creature's back, and in spite of his kicking and prancing, he stuck there and held on tight!

"Bravely done!" cheered the Queen. "But Oh! little grasshoppers, I wish you wouldn't struggle so. You'll be so very much happier when you've learned to be obedient!"

"Johnny-Jump-Up can jump as far as his grasshopper!" laughed Hollyhock. The little-man-light-of-foot was bolting along through the air, unable to mount his steed, but still clinging close to his bridle. No matter what mighty leaps that untamed beast might take, Johnny-Jump-Up leapt just as far, and was ever there at his side.

"Look at Goatsbeard!" snickered Poppy. "His grasshopper has sent him sprawling!" Over and over rolled Goatsbeard on the ground, and alas! as he fell from his steed, his beautiful purple beard got caught on the grasshopper's wing case. Then the grasshopper, freed from the reins, gave a pop that popped him clear out of sight, and with him, as he disappeared, he carried Goatsbeard's treasure.

"Oh! Oh! he's torn my beard square off my chin!" wailed Goatsbeard.

The fairies tittered with laughter, for they knew quite well that though Goatsbeard pretended that beard was his own it was only a make-believe after all, so it served him right to lose it.

Goatsbeard ran ruefully off, with his tiny hands clutching his little bare chin.

Then Ragged-Robin set everyone laughing till all the place echoed with silver laughter. He began to use his little soft spurs to tickle his grasshopper. The small beast stopped still in the very midst of a bolt. There he quivered and wriggled and snorted and shook. So full of chuckles inside was he that, as Ragged-Robin went right on tickling, he had to stop being unruly and just shake all over with chuckles.

By-and-by, as the little elves worked, the steeds grew more and more calm. Slowly the rebellion wore all out of them.

"Well, after all," they seemed to say, "perhaps it wouldn't be so bad to obey you. Perhaps you are wiser than we, and we'd better let you guide us."

So at last they obeyed their reins. Then the little men stroked and caressed them.

"Serve us faithfully," they said, "and you shall be well repaid with the very best of care."

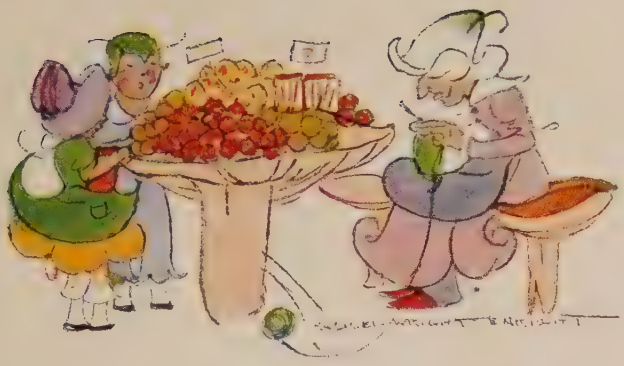
Then they leapt on the grasshoppers' backs and rode proudly up to the Queen. Lady-Slipper arose, smiling, to greet them.

"My brave elves, you have served me well!" she said. "Take this for your reward, and this and this!" And she hung around the neck of each a sparkling necklace of dew-drop diamonds!

Turkscap and Johnny-Jump-Up and Ragged-Robin bowed low to receive their fine decorations. Then off they rode, with their heads held high, to leave their steeds at the Cat-tail Stables, and see they were well provided with everything they needed.

Next day those brave elves rode out again to the plains where fractious grasshoppers roved. And they rode 'round and 'round in a circle till they'd driven together a herd of them. Then out came the other elves with meadow-grass lassos and each one caught for himself a nice little beast to ride. So, when the grasshoppers all were tamed and taught to be obedient, the Messenger Elves had far better steeds than the dragonflies that had flown away.

MACHINEL WRIGHT ENRIGHT



A VISIT TO MARKET SQUARE

"UP! UP! my fairies!" called Lady-Slipper early one morning as she arose from her soft moss couch. "Today we must go to the Market Place to school. It's the day for our lesson in the language of the Bees."

"We'll all be ready in the whisk of a squirrel's tail!" answered Daffodil.

Pretty soon—Choo Choo! Ding Dong! along past the Queen's Bower came the Thistledown Express. For, ever since Turkscap had made it, that little engine and its train of cars had been kept ready to go wherever it might be needed.

Daffodil ran out from under the Maidenhair Fern and hallooed for the train to stop. Then the Queen and her attendants sprang lightly aboard. Choo Choo! Ding Dong! they were off like the wind!

In the very center of the Aspen Grove is a little open space with soft, velvety, green grass, and here the elves have a Market Place. Under hundreds of white toadstool umbrellas they buy and sell all the things that fairies need, with sunbeam spangles for gold. And on one edge of the Market Place is the fairies' school, where the Queen was going.

"Market Square!" called out the Conductor Elf, and all of a sudden, in the midst of a great crowd, the daisy wheels halted.

"Hail! All Hail our Queen!" shouted the elves with a sound no louder than the soft rustle of a summer breeze.

Lady-Slipper waved her hand and smiled. Then airily down she skimmed and jauntily tripped away.

"I must make the rounds of the umbrellas and do my shopping before it's time for our class," she said.

First she halted at a toadstool beneath which a fat little Merchant Elf had fairies' clothes for sale. All around the edge of his umbrella hung tiny skirts of every skirt-shaped flower that grows, and, standing on stiff little forms that rose like dried flower stalks from the grass, were caps of every cap shaped blossom. Lady-Slipper sat down on a stool that was made of a well-cushioned puff-ball.

"I want a pair of new slippers," she said.

So the Merchant Elf knelt down before her and tried on pair after pair of beautiful lady-slippers, till he came to one that was yellow as gold. Then the Queen stood up to see how they fit her wee little feet.

"They're just what I want to wear with my new tulip gown tomorrow night at the Feast of the Firefly Chandeliers! I'll take them!" she cried. "And now, kindly Merchant Elf, show me your fans if you please."

From all the fans that he brought her she soon selected a feathery one of the tiniest purple lilac plumes. And Monkshood paid for her purchases from her very own blue gentian purse.

"To the Jeweler's next!" she ordered, and the gay little crowd that surrounded her floated on to the Jeweler's umbrella.

"See! See!" buzzed Daffodil, "There's a necklace of shining blue jewels!"

Jeweler Fairy held up the necklace.

"These jewels are sapphires," he said. "They're bits of the blue of the sky!"

"But let me try on that bracelet of glistening purple," begged Crocus.

"It's made of amethysts," Jeweler Fairy explained, as he slipped it over her tiny wrist. "The amethysts come from the violet sunrise."

"But we haven't come here just to look at your wares!" piped Hollyhock. "The Queen has come to buy a new crown."

"Then I've just what she wants all made!" answered Jeweler.

And, as Hollyhock took off her mistress's sweet-pea cap, he placed on her head a wonderful crown. It was wrought of sunshine gold, all set with clear green emeralds and sparkling dewdrop diamonds.

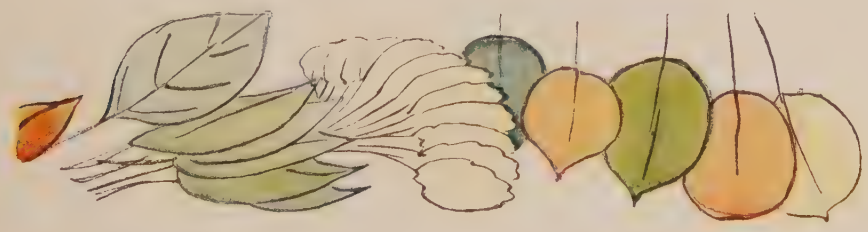
"The emeralds," said Jeweler Fairy, "we carved from the bright reflections of green trees in still water."

So Lady-Slipper bought the crown.

"To wear with my new yellow gown and slippers at the feast," she said.

The next little shop was the Baker Fairy's, and Oh! on his counter, what dear, little white, frosted cakes!

"Bake me one hundred cakes for tomorrow, each one as big as a hickory nut and braid them and flower them with fancy frosting!" merrily ordered the Queen.



At that moment, Hark! the sound of a tiny fairy bell came sweetly floating through the air.

"It's time for our class at the school! Let's be off!" piped Crocus.

To the edge of Market Square they trooped, and there before them stood the school, all nicely walled in by a row of straight-standing, yellow wallflowers, while up on top was a four-o'clock that told them when school should be out.

Before the one and only door, Johnny-Jump-Up and Bachelor's-Button were playing. They had drawn a circle on the ground, and were shooting red and white currants for marbles.

"One more turn! One more turn before we go in!" they were crying, but when they saw Lady-Slipper arrive, they picked up their marbles and followed her into the School.

Earlier classes had already been held, for many little elves were sitting before desks of shiny pebbles, at work on sheets of apple-blossom paper, with tiny quill pens that the bluebirds had dropped from their wings.

"Oh, see Dutchman's-Breeches! He's made himself dunce already," giggled Daffodil. "It must have been his geography lesson he would not learn."

Sure enough, there sat Dutchman's-Breeches on a puff-ball stool in the corner, with a white syringa blossom for a dunce cap on his head. His face was turned toward the wall, except when he peeked around over his shoulder, and he kept on saying over and over: "Fairyland is bounded on the north by the Country-of-Queer-Little-Shadows! Fairyland is bounded on the north by the Country-of-Queer-Little-Shadows!"

Lady-Slipper and her fairies went right past Dutchman's-Breeches to the front of the School where the Head Master stood. A great big Jack-in-the-Pulpit was he, teaching and preaching, and standing straight and sedate in his pulpit, beneath his canopy of green.

He was just finishing a class in painting, and before him stood a merry group of fairies with red Indian paint brushes in their hands. Right up out of the earth these flaming brushes grow, and the fairies need only to pluck them to have them ready for use.

Jack-in-the-Pulpit had just been teaching the Paint-Brush Elves to paint the berries and cherries red, to paint the blush on the cheek of the peach, and the glow on the jolly, round apple.

"If ever the paint on your brushes dries," he was saying, "just dip them afresh in the red of the sunset, and go on painting and painting forever."

But when Jack-in-the-Pulpit had finished his class, he called for the teacher of the Bee language, and presently into the schoolroom bumbled a great big, fuzzy, black and gold Bee.

Lady-Slipper and all her attendants stood in a circle about Mr. Bee, and when they were ready and all at attention their teacher began to bumble and buzz. Around the whole of the circle he made each fairy repeat what he said, and if a single one stumbled and did not get just the right sound to the buzz he made them repeat their words over and over, till all could pronounce them exactly as he did.

Pretty soon the fairies joined hands and began to dance, as they hummed their lesson, with Mr. Bee leading them, strict and correct.

"Buzz! Hum-m! Here I come!
Fresh, sweet, clover fields I come from!
Bumble O! Bumble O! Bumble O! Bump!
Mumble O! Grumble O! Thump! Thump! Thump!"

With that the lesson was over, and Jack-in-the-Pulpit dismissed the class.

"You've a very fine accent in Bee-bumbling!" he said to the Queen, as she passed by his desk.

MAGINEL WRIGHT ENRIGHT

THE FEAST OF THE FIREFLY CHANDELIERS

BAKER FAIRY wore a little stiff baker's cap of a white laurel blossom, and a white rose-leaf apron. He was very, very busy today getting ready for the Feast of the Firefly Chandeliers. Bright and early he went off to the Market Place to buy materials for his baking.

Around on the other side of the Square from the Jeweler's and Clothier's shops, under more white toadstool umbrellas, are the little grocery shops.

Here, amidst the blue lettuce and mountain parsley, amidst the tiny wild strawberries and cherries, Baker Fairy bought what he wanted.

Grocer Fairy had just got back to his stall with the fresh butter-and-eggs that he gathered every morning. His grasshopper, tied at the back door, was still puffing and breathing fast from his journey.

"Load up your oak-leaf sledge with butter-and-eggs!" cried Baker Fairy to one of his elves. And when the mite had dragged off a load that was larger than himself his master called for ground up cornflower, that was kept in little walnut barrels. Soon more of his elves were merrily rolling these barrels back to his bakeshop.

Next he went on to the Dairy Elf who keeps fresh milk from the milkweed.

"Give me twenty pitchers of milk," he ordered, and sent the rest of his servitors to carry away the pitchers.

Last of all, he sought out the Confectioner, and bought from him ten six-sided cells of honey, which he dragged off all by himself to his kitchen.

In the warm, bright sunshine he had an oven made of pebbles, and the sun was heating it very warm.

"Bring me my acorn bowls and lay out the baking materials," he cried, but just as his elves came running to bring him the things he had ordered, suddenly, peeping around the corner of a fern, appeared the quaint little faces of Turkscap, Sweet-William and Dutchman's-Breeches.

"Halloo, Baker Fairy!" they chirped in a chorus. "Are you going to make frosting for your cakes?"

"Certainly," answered Baker Fairy.

"Say then, when you've finished, may we lick the dishes?"

Baker Fairy tittered.

"If you'll do it politely, and use my rose-thorn spoons instead of your fingers," he said.

So Turkscap, Sweet-William and Dutchman's-Breeches hung around, big-eyed and expectant, while Baker Fairy worked.

First, he mixed up the honey and the butter-and-eggs in his acorn bowls. Then he poured in the milk, and last of all, he had his servitors dump in the cornflower from the heavy walnut barrels. Oh My! how he stirred and he stirred and he stirred!

But when he had poured the cake batter into little pans made of acorn tops, and set them all in his oven to bake, then the three tiny watchers began to look grieved indeed. They couldn't see a sign of anything left to make frosting.

"Baker Fairy! Baker Fairy, where is the frosting?" they queried.

Baker Fairy did not answer, but he made a queer little sound like smacking his lips together, while he got out some clean acorn bowls and spread them in a row. Soon, in answer to the sound he was making, along came a fluttering cloud of white moths with downy powdery wings. They stopped just above the bowls and, all of a sudden, shook down into each a shower of white powdered sugar.

Then Baker Fairy mixed the sugar with dew, and by the time the cakes were out of the oven, he had beautiful, smooth, white frosting all ready. Delicious soft heaps he piled on them all, and he braided and flowered them with wondrous designs.

"Now give us the frosting bowls!" begged Turkscap, and he and his two little friends took the rose-thorn spoons and scraped those dishes clean.

That evening Monkshood skipped down to the brook near the Queen's Bower, and there, growing beside the water, was a beautiful, tall, drooping stalk of chiming bells. Lovely little sky-blue bells they were, shading at the top into soft, pale pink, and Monkshood set every one of them ringing and chiming.

"Ting-a-ling! Ting-a-ling! Ting-a-ling!" they rang.

"Oh Ho! the Queen's feast is ready!" cried the fairies when they heard that music, and soon they came trooping in all directions through the silvery Aspen Grove.

In the soft moonlight the tables were spread, and below the carved ceiling of leafy boughs that showed the white moonlight through hung hundreds of little fireflies that swung and gleamed in the air above like swaying chandeliers.

"How lovely!" cried the Fairies. "The Feast of the Fire-fly Chandeliers is the loveliest one of all!"

The tables were mahogany-brown locust beans, polished till they shone. They were laid with doilies of Queen-Anne's lace, with plates of golden cowslip petals, and goblets of golden buttercups.

Hushed in the glowing, festal light, the elves awaited their Queen. At last, in her new yellow gown, with her wonderful, sparkling crown on her head, she came, and she seated herself at her table on the softest of thistledown pillows, while Daffodil stood beside her and waved her wee, lilac-plume fan.

Then the whole troop of fairies sat down in their places. Their silence was over now and they all began to talk at once.

"The noise of our talking," laughed the Queen, "is like the buzz-buzz of one big blue fly."

In came the serving elves very soon, and they bore aloft on their golden platters those beautiful, wonderfully frosted cakes. Some of them, too, carried pitchers of pink and lavender columbine, and they filled the buttercup goblets with nectar from their pitchers.

So the little sprites feasted and drank and buzzed. And, when they had finished their feasting, the Queen bade her trumpeters blow forth a signal. Straightway the Fairy Orchestra began to thrum and strum. Katydids, crickets, beetles there were, and gnats, frogs, and locusts. Gently their music swelled and swelled. They piped and fiddled, scraped and droned, they rattled castanets and hummed and drummed.

Out in the open where the moonbeams rippled, the fairies danced to their music. And, so long as the moonbeams stayed, they danced and they danced and they danced!

A JOKE ON DUTCHMAN'S-BREECHES

IN ALL Fairyland there is not such another lazy little elf as Dutchman's-Breeches. One night when the moon was shining, Dutchman's-Breeches went to bed bright and early. He folded his little breeches neatly beside him, and sank sleepily down into the humming bird's nest that served him for a cradle. Then he pulled up his cobweb sheets and his soft green moss blanket, and was soon far away in Slumberland.

At that same moment, Johnny-Jump-Up, Ragged-Robin and Goatsbeard came frolicking through the Aspen Grove, dragging something behind them.

"Ho! Ho! Ho! Hah! Hah! Hah! Hee! Hee! Hee!" they chuckled.

But when they drew near the low-hanging bough of the little bush where Dutchman's cradle was swinging, suddenly they grew very, very still. Quietly they crept close to their wee, sleeping playfellow, and set up square above his head one of the things which they had been dragging. A huge yellow sunflower—that's what it was! Then the three tiny rogues hid behind the leaves, and Johnny-Jump-Up began to tickle Dutchman's nose with a blade of feathery tufted grass.

Dutchman's-Breeches sniffed and wrinkled his button of a nose like a rabbit, but Johnny-Jump-Up went right on tickling. At last Dutchman's-Breeches gave a Kerchoo! as loud as the tinkle of a raindrop, and opened his eyes square on that big, yellow sunflower.

"Why bless me!" he grumbled, "It's morning! The sun's up and I'll have to get up too! Dear me! How I wish I could stay all snuggled up in my soft little bed."

Slowly he threw back his covers, and sat up yawning and stretching, but just as he had one tiny foot over the edge of the humming-bird's nest, his head nodded forward and he fell asleep again. In a twinkling those mischievous elves dragged the sunflower away, and hoisted in its place a round, white moonflower and a score of little yellow star-grass stars. Then they hid again, and began tickling that button of a nose.

Dutchman's-Breeches put up one hand and brushed sleepily at the feathery grass, but he opened his eyes just far enough to see what was above him.

"Why bless me!" he cried. "It's night after all! I'v bothered myself to get up all for nothing! I thought I saw the sun, but I guess—I guess—!" And he lay straight down in his nest and went fast asleep again.

"Ho! Ho! Ho! Hah! Hah! Hah! Hee! Hee! Hee!" chuckled the rogues, and they took down the moonflower and stars, and set up the sunflower just as before.

"Twitter, twitter! Chirp, chirp! Cheep, cheep, cheep!" They sang exactly like birds when the morning is come. So Dutchman's-Breeches opened one eye.

"Why! there it is again—the sun!" he cried, and he popped up quickly in great astonishment, and began to pull on his little white breeches. But while he was all bent over tugging Johnny-Jump-Up crept up behind him, took down the sunflower, and hoisted the moonflower and stars.

Soon Dutchman's-Breeches sat up yawning on the edge of his nest, with his little thumbs through his suspenders, but just at that moment he heard the tu whit! tu whoo! of the night owl and, looking about, he saw the moonflower and stars.

"Oh! Oh! Oh!" he piped, "Is it day or night? Is it night or day? The sun chases away the moon, and the moon chases away the sun! Is it night or day?"

For an instant he pondered, his suspenders still in midair, but he simply could not solve the problem.

"Well!" he said at last, "I guess I'll go to sleep again!" And down he plunged into his cozy nest.

Then snicker and giggle! Those three little rascals planted a whole row of sunflowers all about Dutchman's cradle. And they wakened him once again with a sound like the squeak of a squirrel.

When Dutchman's-Breeches saw a whole row of suns in his sky he lay there just winking and blinking.

"Oh, what's happened to the world?" he wailed, "What's happened to the world? How can any world have a row of suns? Where am I? Where am I?"

Just then Johnny-Jump-Up, who was hiding behind the biggest sunflower, pulled the stalk back and forth and made that one huge sun bow and nod its head.

"The sun's alive!" shrieked Dutchman's-Breeches. "Oh, deary me! The sun's alive!" And he quickly ducked his head down behind his moss blanket and hid.

But Johnny-Jump-Up couldn't hold in his laughter a moment longer. He laughed as loud as a fairy can. And Ragged-Robin and Goatsbeard laughed. So Dutchman's-Breeches knew someone was playing a joke on him. Out of his bed he whisked, and he pounced at once into the shadows.

"Can't catch us!" piped three snickering voices. And off before him flitted three little figures.

'Round and 'round the Aspen Grove he chased them, in and out among the grasses, in and out among the ferns, up the satiny, white-barked tree trunks, through the lisping, whispering leaves, till at last those three rogues just leapt off the top of the tallest tree and caught hold of a moonbeam. Straight up that silvery shaft they ran till they disappeared from sight in the great white ball of the moon.

Dutchman's-Breeches stopped and drew breath. He grumbled once, he grunted twice. Then he went back to his cradle, knocked all that row of sunflowers over on the ground, got back into his cozy nest, pulled up the covers, and fell fast asleep.

THE FAIRY ZOO

CHOO choo! Ding dong! went the Thistledown Express. Queen Lady-Slipper, with all her attendants, was off for the Fairy Zoo. In a little grassy glade just beyond Market Square they halted, and skipped gaily from the train. Monkshood took the lead, for he was such a wise little elf it was his business to show the party all the wonderful sights of the place. In his hand he carried a megaphone made of a white morning glory, and through that he loudly piped whatever he had to say.

"To your left," he shouted, pointing out a neat little cage made of twigs, "behold the Wild Tiger Lily."

"Oh! Oh! Ah!" chorused the elves, for there, sure enough, behind the bars, violently waving back and forth, raged the fierce Wild Tiger Lily.

"Dear me! he's getting ready to roar," shivered Daffodil. Just then the Tiger tossed his head and roared with the roar of the passing wind.

"Forward! Skip lively please!" called Monkshood. And the little crowd romped gaily along.

"I'm glad to leave the Tiger behind. He's far too raging!" chirped Daffodil.

"To your right," cried Monkshood, "are the Monkey-flowers. They're not in a cage you see! Only wild things that rage are kept in cages."

"Hah! Hah! Hah! Ho! Ho! Ho! Aren't they silly?" giggled the fairies. For here, climbing up a green stalk as though in a tiny treetop, were wee, grinning, purple monkey faces. They stuck out tiny tongues above orange-yellow lips and grimaced drolly enough to make one shake with laughter.

"Aren't they silly? Oh! aren't they funny?" rippled Crocus, as one little Monkey ducked his head, while another tried to cuff his ears in the flip of the lively breeze.

"Here, come and eat, little Monkeys," cried Turkscap. And he held forth a handful of powdery, yellow pollen. But Monkshood commandingly cried through his megaphone, "Do not feed the animals! Pass on! Pass on!"

Whatever was that coming next?

"See! See!" piped Monkshood. "It's Elephants, Little-Elephants."

Before them rose a score of pinkish-lavender elephant heads, with bulging foreheads, flapping ears and long, outstretched purple trunks, as fine as silken hairs.

"Oh! Oh! Oh!" squealed Hollyhock, for one of those queer Little-Elephants waved his trunk right toward her, and knocked off her pretty pink cap. "Let's go on! Let's go on!"

"We'll go next to the Pond," said Monkshood, and the little troop hurried away to a shiny blue pool.

By the edge of the water a group of white Turtle-heads stood, opening wide their mouths as though they were snapping for food.

Past them came rolling along a round, fat, waddling Gooseberry, that plumped itself into the Pond and went floating off, fine as you please!

When the Queen had seen everything, she said very proudly: "We've a splendid collection in our Zoo, but tell

me, Monkshood, have we here one of every wild creature that roams in Fairyland?"

Monkshood thought for a moment.

"Good Queen, I don't know," he answered. "But there is in your realm one fairy even wiser than I. I speak of Sage, who keeps your Museum. Let's go to him. He'll tell us all we wish to know."

Straightway the Queen and her fairies ran off to a hollow oak tree on which was fastened a tiny sign that said "Fairy Royal Museum."

At the door they were met by a little elf with hair and beard as fluffy and white as Monkshood's. He was dressed in plain gray-green sage leaves, and he looked very wise indeed.

"The Queen," said Monkshood, "has come to see all the curious things you've collected, and when you have shown her the sights she wishes to ask you a question."

The face of the wise elf beamed.

"I'll show you all gladly. My strange things are mostly relics of creatures that must have once lived in our land, though never once have the creatures themselves been found within our borders."

He led the way at once inside the hole in the tree, and there was the coziest room, with many small holes for windows. On shelves all around the walls were the wonderful things laid out to be shown.

"Here"—Sage held up to the view of all a sharp, white, dog-tooth violet—"is the tooth of a dog, but the wisest of all wise fairies has never discovered the dog."

"Next you will see the cockscomb." He pointed out a red flower exactly like the scalloped comb to be seen upon the head of a cock. "But in Fairyland no one has yet come across the cock!"

"This soft, fuzzy, silky thing, you observe," displaying a

rabbit's foot clover, "is the foot of a rabbit, but all our careful searching has never found the rabbit."

So he went on and showed them a horse-tail rush with a nice, hairy tuft on its end, a mottled, green rattlesnake plantain, a queer little foxglove, and all kinds of interesting things that must once have belonged to some animal. The Queen was delighted, and when he had finished, she said:

"Sage, have we here in our Zoo one of every wild creature that roams at large in Fairyland?"

Sage shook his head.

"No, my Queen," he answered, "the wildest of all wild creatures has never yet been captured. He rages abroad in Fairyland and ought to be caught and tamed. You should send some brave elves to catch him!"

"What is he, good Sage?" queried Lady-Slipper. "No matter how fierce he is, I have elves brave enough to catch him." And she looked right straight at Turkscap, who began to shake in his boots.

"He's a raging, furious beast, and his name is—the Wild Snap Dragon!"

"The Wild Snap Dragon! How very exciting!" The Queen clapped her two dainty hands. "Brave Turkscap, go at once and capture this Wild Snap Dragon!"

Turkscap could hardly speak. A dragon was bad enough, but a wild one that snapped—just think of it! Still, the Queen had her eyes on the necklace he'd won in capturing grasshoppers, so he dared not hang back or refuse. He rattled his dewdrop diamonds with a great pretence of boldness.

"I obey your orders, my Queen," he said. Then he called for Johnny-Jump-Up, Sweet William and Bachelor's-Button, and commanded them to go with him. Gravely the four little elves drew themselves up in marching order, while the Queen and her fairies smiled brightly upon them. So, marking time, left foot, right foot, they solemnly marched away.

MAGINEL WRIGHT ENRIGHT

CATCHING THE WILD SNAP-DRAGON

WHEN Sweet-William, Johnny-Jump-Up, Bachelor's-Button and Turkscap were well out of sight of the other fairies Turkscap suddenly cried "Halt!" And his little men stopped so abruptly they nearly fell on their noses.

"Fairies," said Turkscap, "we'll spend the rest of the day collecting what we need for catching the Wild Snap-Dragon. But we will not attack him by daylight. We'll wait till the night is come and the big moon hangs in the sky. Then surely he'll fall asleep and we'll get him while he slumbers."

So they made themselves strong, new lassos, and hunted out glow-worm lanterns. Turkscap took Bachelor's-Button and showed him a beautiful plant, whose leaves had little leaflets arranged like the rounds of a ladder.

"This is Jacob's-ladder," said Turkscap. "We'll pick us a ladder, for I've an idea we'll need it!"

"And now we must have a spade!" In a marshy pool he plucked a leaf from an arrow-head and left the stem for a handle. "This is the very thing," he said. And he gave it to Johnny-Jump-Up to carry.

At last the sun went down and the bright little stars came winking out in the blue-black dusk of the sky. Then off on

the search the elves started, provided with lassos and spade, while two of them carried the ladder. Cautiously, on tiptoe, they walked, peering here, peering there, by the light of their glow-worm lanterns.

They marched well out of the Aspen Grove till they came to a rocky, barren place where no trees grew at all.

"Hist!" whispered Turkscap at length. "There he is—right before us! See!"

"Oh-h!" The elves drew in their breath with a shivering, shaking sound. For there before them he stood—the fierce Wild Snap-Dragon, and alas! Oh, alas and alack! he had not

only one savage head—but five! Five savage heads on one slender stalk, all wildly raging and snapping at once!

Flat on their faces fell the elves. Breathlessly they waited. But when the night breeze ceased to sigh, slowly all those heads grew still. They nodded. The Dragon was asleep!

"Now! Now!" whispered Turkscap, and all together on the instant, whirr! through the air went their lassos. The Dragon woke with a start! Four of his heads were already captured, held tight in those strong grass nooses.

He fumed and he raged! Jerk! Jerk! Jerk! He pulled the elves right off their feet and swung them around and

around in the air. For hours and hours they hung onto the ropes, bouncing here, bouncing there, as the creature tugged. But at last those four heads could resist no more. Only the head at the very top—the one that had not been lassooed—went raging and jerking on, bidding fair to free all the others.

"Fasten your lassos to sticks, firmly rooted in the ground," ordered Turkscap. "These four heads we have here can't get away from us now. It's the one at the top we must capture."

"Oh! if we only had one more lasso!" sighed Sweet-William.

"But we haven't," answered Turkscap, "and there's no grass here to make one. So I'll go straight up to the monster and capture that last head bare-handed!"

"Oh, Turkscap, you'd better not!"

"I'm not afraid," said Turkscap.

When the four little elves had fastened the ropes of their nooses so firmly there wasn't the slightest chance the four captive heads could get loose, then Turkscap commanded:

"Sweet-William and Bachelor's-Button, hoist the ladder up straight to the topmost head, and hold it for me securely."

Sweet-William and Bachelor's-Button obeyed, and, with glow-worm lantern in hand, Turkscap bravely mounted the little green rounds of the ladder.

But when he drew near to that fiercest head, so near he could see its two blue ears and its scalloped blue beard, all of a sudden, that great head opened wide its jaws, so Turkscap nearly fell in between them. Above him were rows of white and brown teeth, and he caught a glimpse down a deep pink throat, while a fuzzy, yellow tongue came out, licking at him!

Kerplunk! Turkscap fell off the ladder, dropped his little glow-worm and rolled over on the ground.

"Look out! Your lantern's running away! Quick! go chase him!" shrieked Bachelor's-Button.

Turkscap hurriedly picked himself up and pounced on his crawling glow-worm.

"Hoist the ladder again," he cried. "That Dragon shall not escape me!"

Once more up the rounds he mounted, but when the dragon's jaws yawned as before, and the tongue came out to lick him, straight down that cavernous throat he stuffed his gleaming lantern!

Sputter! splutter! fumed the Dragon, but while he was vainly trying to spit out his fiery mouthful Turkscap ducked under his jaws, and with both arms seized his neck. Ho! Ho! He was now just beneath the Dragon's chin. The creature spit out the glow-worm, but his jaws could not get at Turkscap!

"Dig him up now, Johnny-Jump-Up! Dig him up by the roots!" cried the Captain.

And Johnny-Jump-Up obeyed. While the Dragon's four lower heads were tied securely to stakes, and while Turkscap hung onto his topmost neck like a pair of tight little pincers, Johnny-Jump-Up took his arrow-head spade and dug him right out of the ground.

Heads and roots they bound him with the ropes of their lassos, and then they picked him up and started to carry him home. As they bore him along, they sang:

"The dragon is conquered! O, conquered is he!
For valor and courage have won victory!
And now we've subdued what was raging and wild,
We'll teach Mr. Dragon it's good to be mild!
The strength of the strongest, it never knows Rage!
Oh, raging must always be shut in a cage!"

The Queen was waiting at the door of the Royal Museum with all her fairies to receive her brave little sprites. And when by the rosy morning light the Dragon was planted in her Zoo, she gave them their well-earned reward.

On the forehead of each she dropped a kiss, as light as a summer breeze, and the breath of that dainty kiss hardened and became a feathery, white blossom. "Babies' Breath" they call it. And Turkscap, Bachelor's-Button, Johnny-Jump-Up and Sweet-William were given the right forever and ever to wear in their caps that plume, the Order of the Queen's Kiss.

A QUESTION OF DUTCHMAN'S PIPE

NEAR the Schoolhouse, a crowd of fairies stood snickering and tittering. There before them, two slow-creeping snails were trying to run a race.

"On! On! Slow Poke!" urged one tiny elf. "You've only moved the length of your horn since yesterday afternoon!"

"After him, Curly Shell," cried another. "You can beat him by a hair's-breadth yet."

Just then, capering and leaping through the Grove, along came Johnny-Jump-Up.

"See what I've found! See what I've found!" he was chirping, and immediately, forgetting all about the snails, the curious elves swarmed about him.

"What have you, Johnny-Jump-Up? What have you?" they cried. Whatever the little rascal had he hid now behind his back.

"Guess what it is," he teased.

"Oh! I guess it's nothing but a ball, and I've found one already!" crowed Ragged-Robin, tossing a tiny red berry high up in the air and catching it deftly as it fell.

"No siree! It isn't a ball!"

"Then it's a mask to play hide your face!" piped Daffodil. "And I've found one already." She held up the grinning little face of a pansy, and archly ducked her head down behind it.

"No siree! It isn't a mask. Now you can have just one guess more." Johnny-Jump-Up danced up and down, so anxious was he to show what he had.

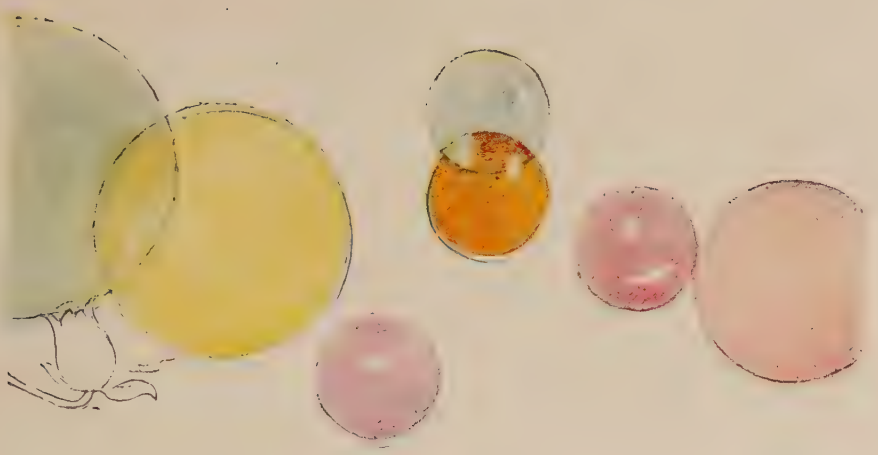
"I know! I know!" purred demure little Violet. "You've found some knitting needles, but I have some already!" She displayed a set of green pine needles, on which she was knitting a dainty sock of the finest silk floss.

"No siree! I wouldn't bother with knitting needles!" said Johnny-Jump-Up. "This is what I've found—see!" He held up to the view of all a fine white Indian-pipe—white stem, white bowl, exactly as though it had been made of clay.

For a moment there was silence. "But what can we do with that? What can we do with it?" chorused the crowd.

"Follow me and gather some for yourselves, then I'll show you what you can do with them," answered Johnny-Jump-Up.

Away through the Aspen Grove the whole troop frolicked, with Johnny-Jump-Up gamboling on ahead. Into a rich, dimly-lighted wood he led them, where the leaves interlaced above and the sun peeped through only now and then, with just a glimpse of greeting. Here, growing straight up out of the ground, without the sign of a single green leaf, those fairies saw scores of little white Indian-pipes.



"Oh! I have one! I have one," chirped each small elf as he plucked a plaything. "Now, Johnny-Jump-Up, what shall we do with them?"

Johnny-Jump-Up caroled a little song, and off he ran to the edge of the brook that gurgled and tinkled through Fairy-land. Just where it leapt in a silvery waterfall and went curling, swirling and eddying on, it churned up a mighty foam of lathery suds. Light as a feather, Johnny-Jump-Up sprang from mossy stone to mossy stone, square out into the middle of the brook.

"See what I can do!" he cried, and he leaned over, and put his pipe down into the suds. Then he blew from the end of it a tiny, fairy soap-bubble, while all the little elves stood still and held their breath in wonder. And when his soap bubble was as large as it would grow, he tossed it jauntily into the air. There it hung, shining in the sunlight, with all the colors of the rainbow. By-and-by it gently floated away and caught on the branch of a nearby bush. Then all of a sudden, instead of bursting, it turned into a tiny, white berry, and grew fast where it hung.

"Ho! what fun!" cried the elves, and they all skipped out from stone to stone. So they began dipping their pipes into

the suds, laughing, hallooing and blowing a whole cloud of rainbow bubbles into the air.

As they played so merrily along came Dutchman's-Breeches. He had not been with the fairies before the School, and he had no Indian-pipe.

"Go get an Indian-pipe and blow bubbles!" chirped Ragged-Robin. But Dutchman's-Breeches only grunted.

"Who wants an Indian-pipe? Indian-pipes are no good for blowing bubbles! I'll show you the real pipe for bubbles." And he disappeared among the trees.

"Never saw Dutchman's-Breeches yet that he didn't think he knew more than anyone else about how to do things," chuckled Ragged-Robin.

The elves went on dipping and blowing, dipping and blowing and floating their buoyant little balloons chasing each other up and up, and showing, as in a mirror, all the joyous world about.

Soon back again marched Dutchman's-Breeches.

"See what I have," he cried importantly. "Here is the real pipe for blowing bubbles."

Every sprite stood still to look. There was Dutchman's-Breeches, dragging along the funniest pipe that ever came out of the forest. Large and heavy it was, with a slender stem and a huge green bowl that turned back at the rim with three red-brown petals.

"Dutchman's-pipe!" announced Dutchman's-Breeches proudly. "Dutchman's-pipes are better than any other! Now see the bubbles I shall make."

With his ponderous plaything he stumbled from stone to stone out into the midst of the brook. Then he dipped into the suds as the others had done, and puffed himself out like a swelled up frog for one grand and boastful blow. Oh me and Oh my! When once that boastful breath of his got started through his pipe it blew the biggest bubble that ever had

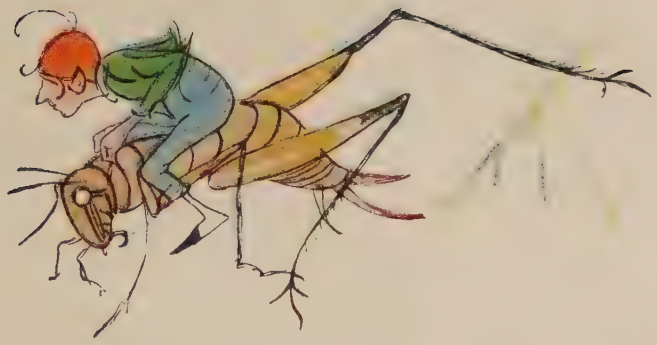
been seen. And alas and alack! Dutchman's-Breeches couldn't stop it! The bubble grew, and it grew and it grew, until by-and-by it surrounded Dutchman's-Breeches. Then in a twinkling, away it floated, carrying him and his pipe right with it!

Oh! Oh! But the elves could hear how Dutchman's-Breeches yelled! Inside that ball of suds, they could see how he kicked and scrambled. But on, on, up, up, went the bubble until it was quite lost to sight.

"Good-bye, Dutchman's-Breeches," cried the elves. "Come back when your bubble bursts!"

For they knew quite well that wherever he might be carried he would find his way home again when he was let down to the ground.

Then they took up their Indian-pipes once more and went on blowing. All their hundreds and hundreds of bubbles floated lightly about. And they fastened themselves, each one, to certain little bushes, where they hung and swung forever in the form of wee, white berries.



THE WHALE THAT INVADED SMILING POND

TURKSCAP came racing through the woodland, pell mell! He burst past the Queen's fairies and flung himself at the very foot of Lady-Slipper's throne.

"Oh! my good Queen," he cried breathlessly. "Where the brooklet widens into Smiling Pond my elves and I have seen a splashing, a spouting, and a foaming. We've seen a great tail high in the air and the glance of a mighty fin. Oh Queen, good Queen, in Smiling Pond there's surely come a monster whale!"

Lady-Slipper put down her pet gray pussy-willow and rose from her throne.

"Fairies," she cried, "we go at once to Smiling Pond."

For a moment her attendants murmured and held back, but Lady-Slipper only smiled.

"Follow me," she said, and stepped into her pink shell coach that was drawn by jewelled beetles.

Turkscap summoned all of his elves, and off they went, hurrying, scurrying, some on their two feet, springing lightly as rubber balls, and some on their fast green grasshoppers, bolting and popping along.

Smiling Pond lay before them, shining back the blue of the sky, and now and then gently creasing in a little, rippling smile.

"Wait and see," whispered Turkscap to the Queen, as the elves lined up along the bank.

In a moment, splash! splash! up through the quiet water whisked the tail of a fish, in a shower of pearly spray.

"Look! Look!" squealed the elves, and in another instant, splash! splash again! the sun glinted swiftly from a gleaming, fishy fin.

"Out with the boats!" ordered the Queen.

The chief of all the Sailor Elves was a little sprite with a jaunty, seamanlike air. It is said that his name was plain Chicory, but he chose to be called Blue-Sailor.

"To the oars, lads!" called Blue-Sailor, and a crowd of his tiny followers swarmed into green peas-pods and pushed out boldly from the shore. The whale was now nowhere to be seen. Only his monstrous shadow floated eerily about. Around that the pea-pods circled. The shadow trembled and quivered. It darted here and there, with a flitting and a flickering. Now it was long drawn out and slender, now it was short and squat and fat, but always teasing, teasing.

Blue-Sailor and his men took up their oars of tiny twigs and began to strike at the shadow. With their striking they churned up the water till the shadow disappeared altogether.

"Hooray! Hooray!" cried Blue-Sailor. "We've driven him away."

Just then Biff! Bang! a column of water jetted up like a waterspout. The quiet little Pond began to swell with stormy waves. A tail appeared here, a fin appeared there, and, in the midst of that tremendous rocking and splashing, over turned the peas-pod boats, and into the water fell the elves.

The fairies on land cried out in alarm.

"Swim! Swim for the shore!" called Blue-Sailor.

So through the rolling waves they swam. And when they had safely crawled up on the land, behold! their boats in the tempest behind were a floating mass of wreckage.

"Out with the sail boats," ordered the Queen.

Blue-Sailor did not even wait to get dry. He commanded his men to float leaf barges on the Pond. While they were launching maple leaves, oak leaves, grape leaves, Blue-Sailor held out in his hand a butterfly weed that was full of sweet nectar. Temptingly he began to sing:

"Hither! I've sweets for thee! Come butterfly!
Flit to me, dip to me, sails of the sky!"

In a moment butterflies began to come, yellow ones, orange and black ones, blue ones, white ones. Blue-Sailor put a small drop of nectar on each leaf boat, so a butterfly would alight there. And as the butterfly sipped the nectar, his wings made sails for the fairy boats. A lovely sight it was, that bevy of butterfly skiffs. Onto a grape leaf barge with sails of black, blue and yellow stepped the Queen and her attendants.

"Steer out into the very middle of the Pond," she commanded, and Blue-Sailor obeyed her.

"I will try to conquer the whale in a way that is different from yours," she said.

Slowly the butterfly fleet swept on, dipping, careening before the breeze, till they came to the center of the Pond. Light circles were rippling the surface of the water, and tiny bubbles were beginning to appear.

"Be careful, my Queen," cautioned Daffodil, "he'll be upsetting us in a moment."

But Lady-Slipper went fearlessly forward to the very prow of her boat. There she stood and began to smile, quietly—quietly. The smile of her shone like the sunshine, and Oh! it shed warmth and brightness everywhere about. Then she lightly waved her wand, and it seemed that the golden streak of her wand caught all the lovely light of her smile and sent it straight down into the water, where the whale was hiding himself.

"Fish," she said very gently, "come quietly before me."

The queer, restless, darting shadow appeared for a moment again, but Lady-Slipper continued to smile and to send the brightness of her smile, by means of her wand, right into the shadow.

Pretty soon, when the creature had felt through and through the warmth of her smile, he ceased his furious darting. Scarcely stirring a single ripple, he rose to the surface of the water.

"Oh, look!" squealed Daffodil. "He isn't a whale after all! See! See what he is!"

A beautiful, shining, gold-fish, that's what he was! There before the Queen, he gleamed and sparkled in the sun.

"Gold-fish," said the Queen, "will you be my guest in the Royal Zoo? We'll make a very good home for you there, and your beauty will please us forever and ever."

The fish swam around in a wee little circle. He hadn't a voice to talk with of course. But he showed he was pleased

by the capers he cut. He wanted to live near the Queen's smile forever.

As Lady-Slipper commanded her sailors to turn her boat about, the Gold-fish swam around and came up close beside her.

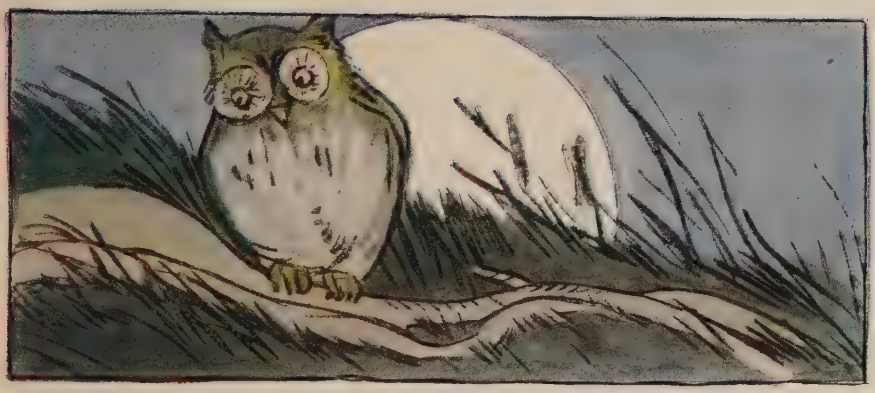
Slowly sailed the butterfly fleet out of the Pond and into the Brook, and, clinging close to the barge of the Queen, the Gold-fish followed after. Into the Pool at the Zoo they sailed.

"Here is your home, little Fish," said the Queen.

Splash! Splash! Dart! How he wiggled his gladness! And the fairies, alighting from their boats, shouted "Hurrah!" for joy.

Then they built him a castle of gay colored pebbles 'way down in the clear depths of the pool.

And the Something-that-shone-through-the-smile-of-the Queen kept him there, harmless and gentle, to shimmer and glisten forever.



WITCH HAZEL'S SECRET

"SAGE," said Monkshood, as he bobbed in the front door of the Royal Museum in the hollow oak tree, "you're a very wise elf and I'm a wise elf. But nobody seems to care anything about us these days. All the decorations of necklaces and plumes seem to be going to the brave elves."

"Yes," answered Sage, nodding his head, "it's time wisdom was getting some notice."

"Well, then," went on Monkshood, "let's put our heads together and plan something wonderful for us to do. Let's show the good Queen what wise sprites can bring about."

"Fine idea, Monkshood! If we could earn the necklace of dewdrop diamonds or the Order of the Queen's Kiss the decorations would look fine on us both."

"Just what I think," said Monkshood. "Well now, what shall we do?"

"Oh!" answered Sage, "I expected you to tell that."

"But, good Sage," insisted Monkshood, "I came to you because you were so much wiser than I! I was sure you could suggest what we should do."

"But, my good Monkshood," insisted Sage, "you know so much better than I what would please the Queen. I'm sure it's you who should suggest what we should do."

And the two little elves went on arguing from dawn until noonday as to whose business it was to find a plan for them to follow. For the truth of the matter was they both wanted the Queen's decorations, but they hadn't either of them the smallest idea what they could do to earn them.

By-and-by, after they had been tossing words back and forth as though they had been balls, Sage proposed:

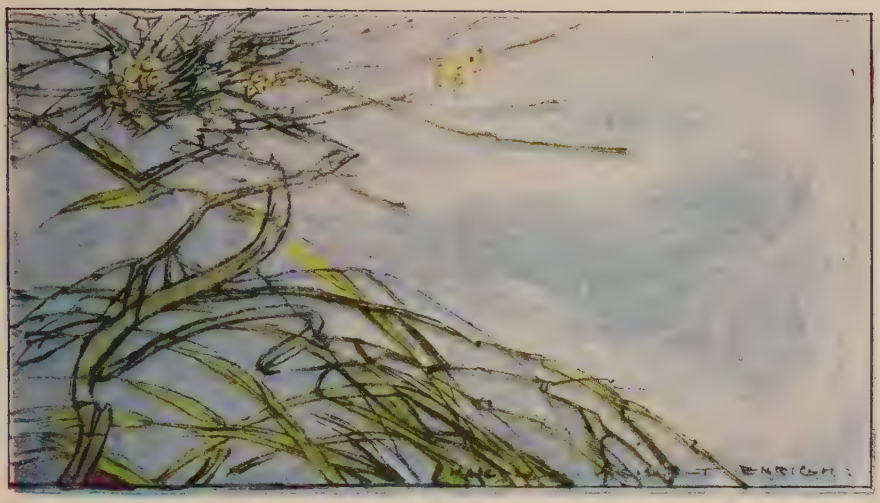
"Well, if neither of us can tell what to do, let's go and ask Witch Hazel. She's the very wisest creature in Fairy-land, and she knows all the secrets there are."

"Very well," agreed Monkshood, and off the two quaint little men started, jigging and romping along, just as if they hadn't been so tremendously wise and learned.

Soon, in a rough and brambly kind of a place, they came to a queer, scraggy little tree, with lean brown branches all scratching across each other. It hadn't the sign of a leaf, but here and there it had bunches of ragged, pale yellow blossoms, like straggling, unkempt hair.

Monkshood hung back a little, but Sage advanced boldly.

"O, very wise Witch," he cried, "we come to ask you a secret. What wonderful thing may we do with our wisdom to earn us the Queen's decorations?"



Witch Hazel answered never a word. It must have been that she was thinking. But by-and-by the wind came along, and then Monkshood heard a crackling, thin little voice. What she said he couldn't make out, but Sage seemed to understand perfectly.

"Ho! Ho! that's fine! Just the thing!" he cried, and he vaulted three times in the air and turned a somersault with glee.

Then he whispered in Monkshood's ear the secret Witch Hazel had told him.

"Ho! Ho! that's fine! Just the thing!" cried Monkshood, and he vaulted three times in the air and turned a somersault with glee.

Away through the brambles they skipped, back to the Aspen Grove, and there they set to work.

"What are you doing, Monkshood?" called Turkscap, as he saw the little elf industriously picking up tiny twigs.

"What are you doing, Sage?" cried Goatsbeard, as Sage began hoisting the sticks up straight in the air like poles. But neither elf would breathe a word of their secret. Instead, as they hurried about their work, they sang this merry, mysterious song:

"Halloo! through the woodland!
Halloo! come and see
The wonder that wise men
Are causing to be.

"Come, gallop and caper,
Come, gambol and dance!
Oh, Heyday! and Ho-day!
Come frolic and prance.

"Come crowd all about us
With wide-opened eyes,
You never will guess it—
Our wondrous surprise!"

Pretty soon there was indeed a jolly multitude about, dancing up and down with curiosity, as they watched the labor. Long rows of tiny poles Monkshood and Sage hoisted, and from each to each they strung a wire of firm silk floss.

From the Zoo to the Queen's Bower went their first line of poles, but Oh! Oh! Oh! just when they were near enough Lady-Slipper's Maidenhair-Fern for the Queen herself to see them something happened.

One of those poles suddenly toppled over, spread out a quantity of little legs, and ran away, dragging the whole row of sticks and wire after him!

"Catch him! Catch him!" squealed Monkshood.

"Runaway! Look out for the runaway!" cried the crowd, and after that strange little walking-stick they raced! My! he went like lightning! If Turkscap hadn't happened to be riding his very fastest grasshopper they never would have caught him. But after a jolly good chase Turkscap pounced upon him and brought him back.

"Why! you picked up an insect instead of a pole!" cried Sage to Monkshood, as they rescued the line of sticks, and hastily loosed the insect before he did further damage.

"Nonsense! It must have been you who did it!" said Monkshood.

"Well anyway! whoever did it," said Sage wisely, "the work's all got to be done over, so we would better be at it!"

And they started laboring afresh, surrounded by the wondering crowd. Up went the poles once more, and tight went the wires, until lines had been stretched all over Fairyland, from the Zoo, from Market Square, the Cat-tail Stables and a hundred other places to the Queen's Bower.

Then Monkshood and Sage went about, hanging on the end of each wire at the various public places of the elves, mysterious little round green things. Last of all, they hung one of these round green things on the wire that was just beside the Queen's throne, and, with many low bows, they begged her to hold it to her ear.

"Good gracious me!" cried the Queen in astonishment. "I can hear my Grocer-Elf talking, way off in Market Square!"

"Yes," said Monkshood proudly, "and you can talk into that green thing too and Grocer-Elf will hear you!"

For you see those strange little green things were telephone peas! Telephone peas made into telephone instruments! All over Fairyland a telephone system! That's what Monkshood and Sage had put up! That was the secret Witch Hazel had told them!

"The most wonderful thing that has ever been done in my kingdom," cried Lady-Slipper enthusiastically, as all her little elves vied with each other to get hold of a telephone pea and hear some one talk far away.

Straightway the Queen decorated Monkshood and Sage with Opal necklaces that shone like fire, for they had been made from the spray of the waterfall, as it flamed in the glow of the sunset.

Monkshood and Sage went gamboling off together to the rough and brambly places where Witch-Hazel lives.

"Wise, wise Witch, we thank you!" they said.

JOHNNY-JUMP-UP'S SNOW STORM

ONE day when Lady-Slipper and her elves were seated about their locust bean table, along came Johnny-Jump-Up with a mischievous twinkle in his eye. He loved to play jokes, that Johnny-Jump-Up, and he was carrying now in his arms something scaly and brown.

"Here's a fine, ripe pineapple for dessert!" he cried. "Carve it, Turkscap, and give everyone a slice!"

"Yum! Yum! Good!" said Turkscap, smacking his lips, as the brown thing was set down before him.

Little rascal—Johnny-Jump-Up! His eyes were dancing, for he knew very well it was not at all a sweet, juicy pineapple he had given Turkscap. It was a hard pine cone, and he was just waiting to see Turkscap's face when he tried to carve down into it.

Turkscap lifted the sharp blade of grass that he used for a knife, but as he did so Lady-Slipper noticed the twinkle in Johnny-Jump-Up's eyes. Before the knife could touch the brown thing she hurriedly waved her wand in the air, till it flashed like a streak of sunshine. And she began singing in a sweet, low voice:

"Mist of Mischief, clear now! clear!
Sunshine, show what's really here!
Love alone comes offering gifts,
And Love the Mist of Mischief lifts."

Turkscap's knife fell. All the twinkle suddenly left Johnny-Jump-Up's eyes. His mouth opened wide in aston-

ishment, for there before him Turkscap was carving out splendid little slices of really, truly, luscious pineapple and passing them around to all the fairies. The fairies began eating them joyously, and thanking Johnny-Jump-Up for his goodness!

"Well I never!" In utter amazement, Johnny-Jump-Up slipped into a vacant chair and passed up his plate for a slice like the rest. Turkscap gave him a generous helping, but when Johnny-Jump-Up went to take a bite, Oh Me! and Oh My! his slice and his alone was hard, hard, woody pine cone!

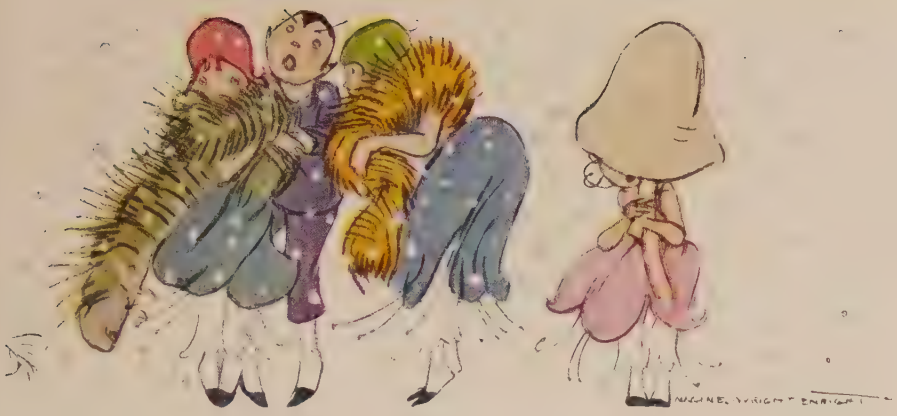
"Ugh!" he cried, as he cast the thing from him. But around the table everybody else was thoroughly enjoying the sweet, juicy fruit.

Johnny-Jump-Up quietly left his seat and slipped away.

"It was the Queen! She saw that I had a pine cone and she turned it into a pineapple," he grumbled to himself, as he went through the woods all alone, for he was greatly displeased at having his prank so spoiled. "Well, I never tried to play a joke on her before. The others are easy to trick, but I'll get a joke on her yet!"

Off he went, pit-a-pat, pit-a-pat!

By-and-by the Queen left the table and went back to her Bower. She had hardly been gone an instant when the



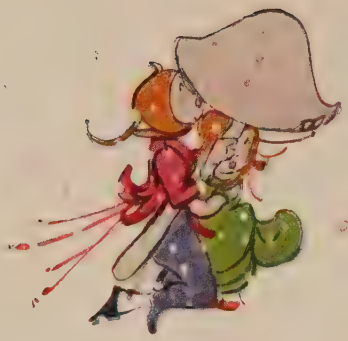
strangest thing happened. Down on the merry-makers at the feast fell little flakes of snow. Before they could realize what was happening and run away to shelter those flakes came faster and faster and faster! They pelted down in a perfect storm, and piled themselves in little heaps everywhere about!

The elves ran all ways! They knew not what to make of it, for in Fairyland it is always summer. "What's happening? What's happening?" they cried. Some hurried off for their toadstool umbrellas; some ran shivering for soft moss blankets; others raced after fuzzy caterpillars and curled them about their necks for furs. One little elf, in excitement, even picked up a sticky brown burr for a muff! Ugh! how it pricked! He threw it away and caught a yellow caterpillar like the others.

Soon all the elves, done up in their furs and covered with moss blankets, were huddled together under toadstool umbrellas while the snow still pelted on. As they sat there, along came Bachelor's-Button, puffing and blowing, and rolling a giant snowball up the hill.

"I found it down in the hollow," he cried.

"Dear me! Dear me! how queer!" chorused the elves through chattering teeth. "Whoever heard of the like in Fairyland?" And they went on shivering and shaking, shivering and shaking!



Suddenly Lady-Slipper came to them from her Bower. All rosy and smiling and warm was she in her flowery garments, without the sign of a fur or a blanket. In her hand she even carried her lilac plume fan!

"Foolish elves of mine," she cried. "Don't you know it never can really snow in Fairyland? In Fairyland it is always summer."

"But feel, dear Queen, how cold it is! Brr-Brr!" shivered the elves.

Lightly the Queen's wand flashed.

"Behold how you've let yourselves be tricked. See what the snow is!"

By the light of the Queen's wand, the fairies for the first time really looked to question what the snow-storm was. And they saw—it was nothing at all but a shower of cottony seedlings! gone-to-seed dandelions, milkweed down, thistledown, driven before the wind!

Straightway they stopped shivering!

"The wind can't keep a secret," laughed the Queen. "He's been shrieking over and over again that Johnny-Jump-Up coaxed him to play this trick upon you. If you had listened, you, too, would have heard. And as to that snowball there," she laughed again, "Johnny-Jump-Up picked it off a bush and left it there in the hollow for Bachelor's-Button to find! Look and see! It's nothing whatever except a flower."

Sure enough! The fairies swarmed about that giant snowball. It was just a great round cluster of tiny flowerets.

"All our shivering and shaking for nothing!" said Daffodil, as she unclasped her caterpillar boa and watched it crawl away. "Naughty little Johnny-Jump-Up!"

"But see what the storm has meant to him," said the Queen. Suddenly all the elves looked up and there, floating about on a cloud far above them, was Johnny-Jump-Up, in the midst of the really truliest storm that ever snowed. He was shivering, shaking, chattering, and truly so covered up was he, he looked like a queer little snow man.

"Wow! Wow! Wow!" he was crying. "Save me, my Queen! for I'm freezing!"

The Queen shook her head sadly.

"I can't save you, Johnny-Jump-Up," she said. "You're riding along on the Mist of Mischief, and you're frozen there tight! You'll have to find out where that Mist will take you."

"Why, Queen, you've only to wave your wand," he whined, "and then the ice and the mist will melt and set me free to come back to Fairyland!"

"No, Johnny-Jump-Up, no!" said the Queen, while the fairies about stood hushed with wonder. "No flash of my wand can melt that ice and that mist for you. You made your mist and your ice yourself. My wand can keep it from harming others, but only you can melt it for you!"

"Wow! Wow! Wow!" wept Johnny-Jump-Up.

"Here's a secret though, Johnny-Jump-Up," the Queen called up to him brightly. "You've a magic spell you can use yourself that will melt the mist and the ice in a moment. Hidden away about you, you'll find that you carry a mirror. Just hold that mirror up to the sun. It will catch all the warmth and the shine that there is and melt the cloud and the storm on the instant!"

"Wow! Wow! Wow!" wailed Johnny-Jump-Up. But the mist took him on and away, straight out of the sight of all, and how he found the mirror is quite another story.

MAGINEL WRIGHT ENRIGHT

IN SEARCH OF A BEARD

GOATSBEARD hadn't been happy a minute since he lost his beautiful purple beard. You see, he had always pretended the beard that the grasshopper carried away had grown from his very own chin.

"Yes, sir!" he would say, "I can grow another the very minute I wish to!" And yet the truth of the matter was, not a hair had ever grown from his smooth little chin, or ever would grow there, and the vain little fellow had always decked himself out with a make-believe beard.

All over Fairyland had he searched for another such blossom to wear on his chin. Up hill and down dale, in meadow, grove and forest, but nowhere did he come across a single purple goatsbeard. So his chinny-chin-chin went bare and how the fairies all joked him!

"How long does it take you to grow a new beard?" Bachelor's-Button would cry. "You've had time, I should say, to grow twenty, and still your chin is as smooth and white as an apple blossom!"

"Apple-Blossom let's call him!" another small rogue would titter. "Pretty pink and white Apple-Blossom."

So Apple-Blossom he came to be and the new name teased him greatly. At length he said to himself: "I've listened to the leaves when they whisper with the breezes, and I've heard

how they say that way off on the edge of Fairyland there is a Mirror Pool, and a vanity shop, where wigs and beards and make-believe hair of all kinds are for sale. The fairies know nothing about the place. So I'll go there and make myself fine and show these fellows a thing or two!"

Off he tripped to the Queen in her Bower.

"Good Lady-Slipper," he said. "To the north-north-east, the border of Fairyland has never been explored. Not an elf among us knows what is there. So I'm going boldly all by myself to find out the truth about it."

"There's no need to tell her," he thought to himself, "that beside finding out what is there on the boundary, I mean to seek out a vanity shop and buy a new beard. That shall be my secret. If nobody knows, why then I can deck myself out and pretend when I come back home that my new beard grew while I was away."

"Exploring our border is a brave idea, dear Goatsbeard," Lady-Slipper answered. "But would you not better take some companions along to share the adventure with you?"

"Oh, no, no, truly, my Queen!" Goatsbeard made haste to reply.

So he rolled up an extra suit of clothes and made a pack for his back, then he cut a little twig for a staff and set out on his journey. Out through the Aspen Grove he marched, and down through the Market Place. Hoppety-skip from stone to stone across the babbling brook, through the fragrant forest of tall green pines, with the sunbeams dancing along before him, o'er soft green meadows, up steep and rocky cliffs all streaked with brilliant color, on and on and on! And never a danger in all the path did he meet, not a single wild snap-dragon, nor a single wild tiger-lily! When he was hungry he sought the splendid blue columbine, and the columbine willingly gave him nectar. When he was thirsty he drank the dew that was left deep down in the cups of the flowers, and when night-time came he crept inside a friendly white lily and cozily slept there till morning was come.

From sunrise to sunset, day after day, he travelled thus, and so at last he came to a sort of swampy meadow.

"Ho! Ho!" he cried. "Now I must be very near the Pool."

He was whistling joyously, thinking he'd safely come near the end of his journey, when all of a sudden he saw he was surrounded by a group of the most inquisitive plants that grow anywhere in Fairyland. Meadow-rue, that's what they're called, and no matter what heights around them their neighbors may be, they always crane their long, long necks and grow up higher still. Over the heads of all, those questioning little creatures peep, and never do they miss a thing that's going on about them.

"Goatsbeard! Goatsbeard!" they cried. "Where do you think you're bound for, and what are you going to do?"

"Could a worse thing have happened," thought Goatsbeard, "than to fall in with Meadow-rues when I've almost arrived at the Pool?"

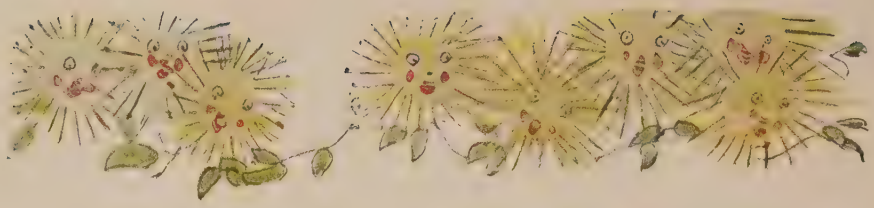
It is sure he wished no one who knew him to learn what he meant to buy. So at first he went straight on his way and did not answer the creatures.

"Oh, you can't throw us off the track!" cried the Meadow-rues. "We know who you are! We've hundreds of brothers and sisters and cousins all the way back on the road to the Queen's Bower, and they've told us all about you. We knew you were coming, and now we intend to find out where you're going, and just what you're meaning to do!"

For a moment Goatsbeard halted. If these creatures should learn he was on the way to the hairdresser's shop, they would tell all their brothers and sisters and cousins, and so the news would surely get back the whole long way to the Queen's Bower.

"Now, wouldn't I be ashamed," he said to himself, "to have dispositions like these Meadow-rues, to be always peeping and prying and questioning? There's nothing uglier!"

"Yes," said the Sunbeams, still dancing on ahead, "peeping and prying and questioning are ugly! And still, if you



were doing just as you should, if you were not trying to keep something hidden, you wouldn't care who knew where you're going. After all, it's the wrong you're doing yourself that makes the prying so ugly to you!"

Goatsbeard only tossed his head and answered the Sunbeams never a word. He knew he was wrong, but he would have a beard, and he would make believe it had grown from his very own chin. To all the curious Meadow-rues he boldly made answer: "I don't care how many brothers and sisters and cousins you have. I'm out on business for the Queen and you may tell them that. I'm to make a map of the north-north-east border of Fairyland."

"We'll watch you, then, while you do it!" the little creatures cried.

"You will?" said Goatsbeard to himself. "Well, not if I can help it!"

He ducked and dodged, he turned right and turned left, attempting to leave them behind. Yet still whenever he thought himself safe and drew a long breath to find himself out of their sight, up somewhere or another would suddenly pop another! And it would crane its long, long neck and call out like the rest.

"Hello there, Goatsbeard! I see you! Where are you going?"

"How will I ever get rid of them?" he thought. At last by his zig zag path he came to the hedge that grows almost all around Fairyland. Into its brambles he forced himself and wove his way in and out till the Meadow-rues had lost him. Not a creature that he knew was anywhere to be seen, though he listened long, half expecting to hear those voices

once more calling. Before him the hedgerow stopped and a wild sort of country stretched away, without any bounds whatever.

"Hah! Hah!" he cried. "This is the country where no other fairy has ever been!" And he started at once to make his map.

First he went through a forest of queer little twisted trees like nothing he'd ever seen before, and a meadow of queer little spindling flowers and queer, teasing, wirelike grasses. Then he rounded up over a queer little hill and came square on to Mirror Pool.

Smooth and still it lay there, so glassy that in it he saw the blue of the sky, the little, white, drifting clouds and the long-drawn-out green reflections of rushes on the shore. In it, too, as he knelt and leaned over, he saw distinctly his own little pink and white face and the chin without a beard. Then all at once he heard a sort of faint humming and there coming toward him, moving its wings so swiftly its gauze made only a blur, was a bright blue darning-needle.

"Why, how do you do?" buzzed the Darning-Needle. "Welcome to Mirror Pool. No one like you has ever come here before. Most of our visitors are from the Land-of-Queer-Little-Shadows and they come in search of our vanity shop. Would it interest you to come and see what we have there for sale?"

Goatsbeard jumped up in a hurry.

"Oh, I might like just to look at your wares," he said.

So the Darning-Needle led him half way around the Pool till they came to a smooth, grassy place where hundreds of other blue darning needles were busily at work. The reeds and rushes all about were dressed up for show in the wigs they had made, and the beards and mustaches.

"Ah-ah!" said Goatsbeard, for truly he had never thought to see such a sight, and the minute he saw those wonderful wigs he wanted a wig as well as a beard.

"Pray, try a wig on me!" he ordered. The Darning-Needle

went off at once and came back with a wig that had two great long braids.

"This will be just your style, I'm sure!" she said.

When Goatsbeard had it on, and was looking at himself in the mirror, he certainly thought it fine to have those braids over his shoulders. He was just about to ask the price when from somewhere over the pool came a weird rattling laugh and a great bird rose up out of the water.

"Hah! hah! hah! Ladies'-Tresses," he cried. "A little man dressed up in Ladies'-Tresses!" And the bird churned the water all up with his wings and spoiled the mirror as he flew away.

"Oh, that's nobody but the Loon," said the Darning-Needle hastily. "He's always laughing at those who come here to buy and trying to spoil my sales, but he really doesn't know what's pretty." And she sent a whole drove of darning needles to keep that loon away until she should sell her new customer all he would possibly buy. But Goatsbeard had snatched off the wig at once. He thought so much about how he looked that one could easily tease him. Ladies'-tresses was truly the name of the flower that made the braids, and when he learned that he had no mind to take it.

Instead he put on a wig of curly grapevine tendrils that a very industrious darning needle had just finished weaving together. And when the mirror was clear again two little toads came and sat down on either side of him and told him very solemnly that this wig made him look beautiful. Since no loon now was near enough to laugh, Goatsbeard bought the wig. Then he ordered Mistress Darning-Needle to begin and try on the beards.

First there was a little yellow Hawksbeard, but that was not nearly showy enough, and then there came Old-Man's-Beard and bearded rye and wheat. But though the two little toads still sat there and said that everything was becoming, Goatsbeard was hard to suit. Moreover, in the grasses

about him, leaping and springing over each other, were a lot of the tiniest frogs, just grown from pollywogs, and they had not yet learned good manners, so they sometimes tittered and laughed at him. He took a long time in deciding. It was not until he found himself all decked out with a golden beard of barley and bristling barley mustachios that he really was content. And even then there was one thing more. Over the pool, darting here and there and flashing in the sunlight, he saw brilliant green and blue flies like emeralds and sapphires.

"Oh say," he said, "are your jeweled flies for sale?"

For you see he had never been brave or wise enough to earn himself jewels from the Queen, so he hoped now to buy some.

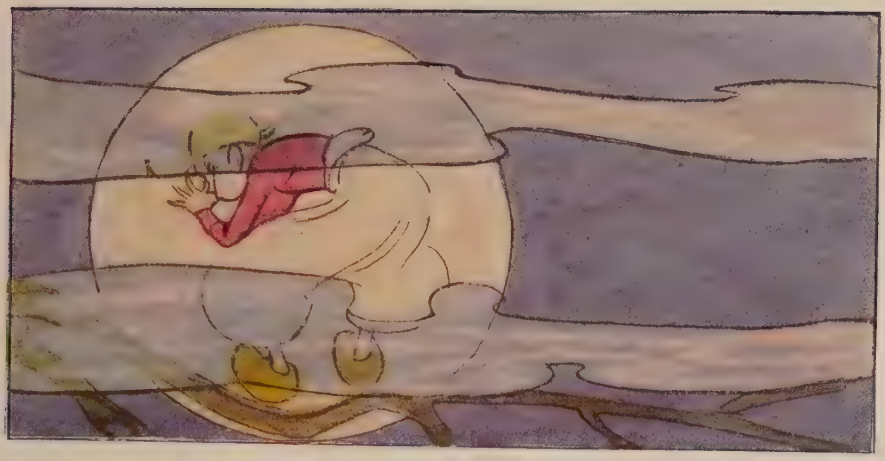
"Those jeweled flies are for hire," the Darning-Needle answered. "They'll come and perch on you wherever you wish and stay there and shine as long as you pay them." So Goatsbeard bade the Darning-Needle call them in and hire them.

Then he looked at himself in the Pool, while the little toads sang his praises. Curly wig, and on top of that a crown of emerald and sapphire flies, bristling golden mustachios and bristling golden beard! Ah me! how fine he was! And how he would strut about when he got back again to Fairyland.

Just then, over the Pool, he saw a cloud of mist. It pulled itself out like a long gray veil and came on with a winding, wavy motion.

"Hah!" shrieked the Loon, as he swooped back again, and his voice now was crying as well as laughing. "Hah! here's the Veil of Vanity! The Veil of Vanity! Somebody's been so vain as to call it here and it's going to carry someone away!"

Sure enough, in a twinkling it had wound itself all about Goatsbeard, wig and crown and mustachios and all, and off it rose, up in the air and carried him away!



THE COUNTRY OF QUEER LITTLE SHADOWS

IT WAS a long time that Goatsbeard felt himself carried along inside the veil.

"Oh dear! Oh dear!" he wailed aloud, "if I could only get out of this thing!" And then he began to think how the Loon had said that what carried him off was the Veil of Vanity. All at once his wig, his jeweled crown and bristling mustache seemed ridiculously silly.

"Why in the world did I ever want to deck myself out and show off?" he thought. "My own yellow hair and my own little pink and white face are good enough for me."

No sooner had he thought this clearly than zip! the veil unwound itself and drifted slowly off, taking with it the wig and the beard and the crown. Then Goatsbeard found himself left high and dry in a treetop, in the midst of a queerer country than he had ever heard tell of. It was a grayish sort of place, with almost no sunshine, and little gray mists and clouds and shadows were always floating by. Moreover, the tree in whose branches he sat was all covered over with fuzzy brown velvet, and its leaves were covered with faded green cloth. Down below, the grass was hidden from sight by a carpet of crinkly paper blades, and even the

flowers were all done over with some kind of colored covering. Not a sign of the real world was anywhere to be seen.

"Where am I? Where am I?" wailed Goatsbeard.

A pattering of feet came toward him, and there suddenly towered up beside him—what was it? It must have been a squirrel but it, too, was all sewed up in a queer gray covering that had only holes for its eyes and mouth. Its fluffy tail was squeezed up tight in a thin spindling bundle, and its coat on the back was patched with a square of red and white cloth.

"Where am I? where am I?" wailed Goatsbeard again.

The squirrel gave a muffled squeak in answer. Then he pitter-pattered away. What he said Goatsbeard could not understand, and he knew no more than before what sort of a land he was in.

"What shall I do? Where shall I go?" he cried.

Just then he saw floating through the air a great round bubble that made him think of the ones he had blown with Johnny-Jump-Up in Fairyland.

"Where did that thing come from?" he murmured. Above him the bubble struck a twig and burst. To his astonishment, it dropped Dutchman's-Breeches down square on the branch beside him, and Dutchman's-Breeches looked very meek, not at all now as though he thought he knew more than any one else in Fairyland.

The two little men sat open-mouthed, eyeing each other.

"Well, Dutchman's-Breeches," said Goatsbeard at last, "it's a long enough time since I've seen you! Have you been floating around in that bubble ever since you swelled yourself up like a frog and blew it in Fairyland?"

"Yes," said Dutchman's-Breeches sheepishly. "And how did you get here?"

Goatsbeard pointed to the gray veil that was just winding itself over a paper hilltop to disappear from sight.

"That thing brought me here," he said. "But I'll never let it get me again! Where in the world are we, Dutchman's-Breeches?"

Dutchman's-Breeches looked sadly around. He was going to say that he did not know, when suddenly there flashed into his thoughts the geography lesson he had had to learn on the dunce's stool, with his face to the wall, in the school of Fairyland.

"Fairyland is bounded on the north by the Country-of-Queer-Little-Shadows," he repeated. "That's where we are! In the Country-of-Queer-Little-Shadows!"

"Well, let's get out of it as fast as ever we can!" cried Goatsbeard.

They were about to scramble down from their perch when all at once they heard someone shouting in the language of Fairyland, and the sound came from inside a cloud of gray mist that was drifting toward them.

"I've found it! I've found it at last!" the voice was saying. And then something in the mist seemed to catch and reflect the only ray of sunlight that peeped through the cloudy sky. With a flash the sunbeam melted the mist into nothing, and there on the branch beside them, set free at last, stood Johnny-Jump-Up. The two little elves grasped his hands with joy.

"Oh ho!" he kept on crying, "I found it at last! I found it!"

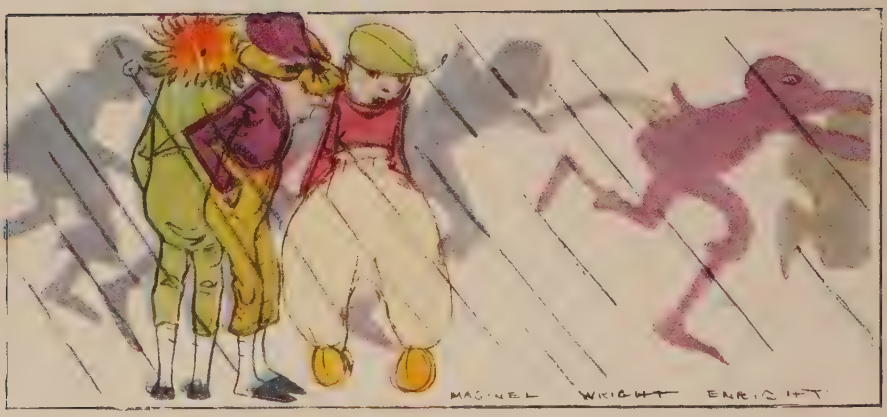
"Found what?" asked his companions.

"The magic mirror that the Queen told me of! She said it would catch all the sunshine and melt the Mist of Mischief."

"Where is the Mirror then? Let's see it!" clamored the others.

"Oh, you can't see it!" said Johnny-Jump-Up. "That's why it took me so long to find it! The mirror's down deep in my heart—that's where it is! It's the brightness and sweetness and goodness that always have been there, and when I rubbed away all the naughtiness that was trying to cover it over, it caught the sunshine in a moment and melted the Mist of Mischief."

"Well," said Goatsbeard slowly, "I'm glad you found the mirror, but still, here we all are in the Country-of-Queer-



Little-Shadows, and what we must think of now is how we can find our way home."

All together they clambered down to the earth and started out over the paper grass, between faded cloth covered flowers.

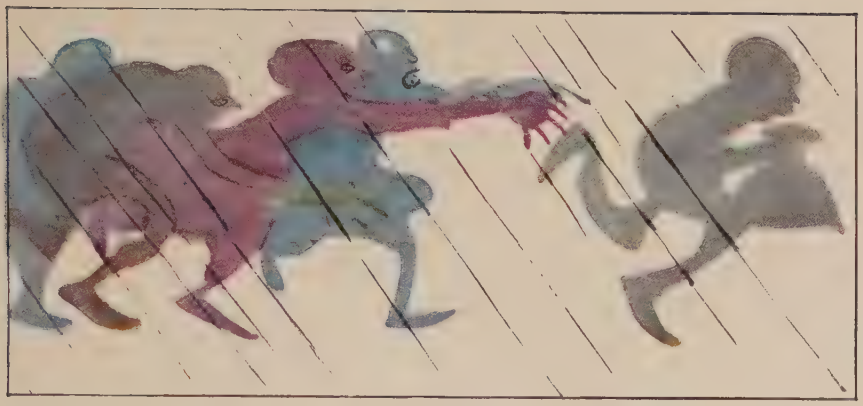
"Who ever heard of so queer a country?" said Johnny-Jump-Up. "I suppose the beautiful real world, just as lovely as Fairyland, is truly beneath all this covering."

"But nobody here ever sees the world as it really is," added Goatsbeard.

"It's a very nice place to get out of and never come back to," said Dutchman's-Breeches.

On they plodded. The way was difficult, for the ground was uneven beneath its covering, and sometimes one of the little fellows would fall down deep into a hole. Then the others would pull with all their might to get him up again. Often, too, strange little animals, or birds, or insects, in various patched and tattered coverings would come and peep at them through their little round eye holes, then hurry and scurry away. And all the time, drifting here, drifting there across their path, would float little clouds and mists and bubbles that cast over everything the queer shapeless shadows from which the country was named.

"Wow! Wow!" wailed Johnny-Jump-Up as his comrades jerked him up out of a pitfall. "If I can only get back to



Fairyland, no Mist of Mischief shall ever get me here again. I'll keep my mirror always held up to the sun!"

"And no Veil of Vanity shall ever get me here," cried Goatsbeard.

"And no Bubble of Boastfulness shall ever get me here," cried Dutchman's-Breeches. "I want to live where I can see the world as it is, with the sunshine warm and bright over all."

When they had gone on a little further they suddenly spied someone running toward them. What kind of sprites lived in this country they had no idea, but here came bouncing along the queerest little being. Underneath he was perhaps the same sort of creature as they, but, like everything else in the land, he was all sewed up in a queer little suit that covered him completely. He had a queer little peaked cap, queer long pointed toes, and queer little bunches and lumps here and there that made him look most grotesque.

"Good gracious!" whispered Dutchman's-Breeches, "the very people in this strange country can't see each other as they really are."

But Johnny-Jump-Up called out boldly, "Heigho! Stranger, can you tell us which is the way to Fairyland?"

Little What-you-may-call-him made no answer at all. He was running away, it seemed, with some kind of a bag in his

hands. The bag was full of sweetmeats that he ate as he hurried along. Chasing hard after him soon appeared a crowd of others, as like him as peas in a pod. They were screeching and shrieking like little parrakeets, so the elves stood still in dismay and went not another step nearer. They couldn't understand a word that those strange little beings said, but they knew that what they were doing never occurred in Fairyland.

Little What-you-may-call-him whisked up a tree in a twinkling, and there he sat and ate sweetmeats and would not give one away! Down at the foot of the tree, the other small creatures gathered. They struggled and called up and threatened. But when one of them tried to climb after him, the others would all prevent. So they kept on quarreling and screeching.

The elves at last made out that What-you-may-call-him had got all the sweetmeats then to be had in the land, and was keeping them to himself, hurriedly eating them up, in order not to share them. Down below, his comrades were all shrieking out for a bite, yet not one of them would let another start first up the tree, lest he should take more than his portion and join with What-you-may-call-him in keeping the others down. As they kept on quarreling and storming a storm cloud rose up from their midst, and rip roar! crash bang! it began to pour in torrents. Even as far away as the spot where the little elves stood the rain was simply drenching, and nowhere could they see a place that would give them the smallest shelter.

"Oh!" wailed Dutchman's-Breeches. "Oh, to be home in Fairyland, where there are no storms like this."

The three little sprites huddled close together and it rained for a long, long time. Then at last they saw dimly through the storm that What-you-may-call-him climbed down from the tree, dodged and pommelled his way through the crowd, and ran away with his bag, the rest at his heels still screeching. As they drew further and further away, the

cloud and the storm went with them, sticking to them as tight as a bur.

"Wow!" said Johnny-Jump-Up, "I'm glad that's over! Let's start on our way without waiting a moment. I hope we meet with no more of these creatures and get in no more of their storms!"

"But dear me! Oh dear me!" wailed Goatsbeard. "We don't know at all which is the way to Fairyland. We may be just wandering around in a circle. We don't even know where to turn from here to start in the right direction"

"Oh dear me! Oh dear me! that's true," agreed Dutchman's-Breeches. "What ever shall we do?"

Just then, lo and behold! what should appear in the half-cleared sky but a rainbow, a beautiful arch of soft glowing color that spanned the clouds and dipped away off into the sunshine.

"Oh, look! See!" cried Johnny-Jump-Up in joy. "There's a rainbow! And one end of the rainbow is always in Fairyland. We don't need to toil any longer through the Country-of-Queer-Little-Shadows! We can just run over the Rainbow Bridge and that will take us home!"

The little elves crowed with glee. Up over the splendid arch in the sky, with its red and yellow, its misty green, blue and violet, they climbed, single file, till the clouds and shadows were all left behind, and far below in the sunshine, smiling and glistening, lay Fairyland. No covering over the dear world there. Its beauty and joy were all spread out.

In the midst of the Aspen Grove, they stepped from the end of the rainbow, and there were gathered about a group of their very dear friends.

"Oh, Oh, Oh!" squealed the fairies, "here's Johnny-Jump-Up back again, and Dutchman's-Breeches and Goatsbeard! Where have you been? Where have you been?"

"We've been," said the three little men, speaking very solemnly, "to the Country-of-Queer-Little-Shadows! But we tell you this quite surely, we'll never go there again!"

THE JEWEL-WEED'S SURPRISE

JEWELER-FAIRY one day jumped on his grasshopper, slung a white petunia bag over his shoulder, and started off for the Parade-Ground where the Messenger-Elves were gathered.

"Oh Ho!" he cried, "I've discovered a beautiful new jewel. It's orange-colored, spotted with brown and it grows on the Jewel-Weed. The Queen has ordered a Jewel-Weed necklace, and I've come to ask for Messenger-Elves to help me gather the jewels."

"Oh, let me go! Let me go!" babbled the elves. "Who wouldn't wish to go hunting for jewels?"

But Jeweler-Fairy selected only Bachelor's-Button and Goatsbeard to help him. They harnessed their steeds and were off in a jiffy, all provided with bags of white petunias.

Through grove and brush and meadow they hopped till they drew rein at last in a quiet wood. There they dismounted and hitched their grasshoppers, while Jeweler-Fairy looked about him.

" 'Twas here I found it, I'm sure!" he said. The three began searching everywhere, but never a sign could they see of those brilliant orange-colored jewels. By-and-by Jeweler-Fairy stopped before a tall plant that was almost like a bush, with slender stems and delicate leaves.

"Here!" he cried triumphantly, "this is the Jewel-Weed, I know."

The other two came hurrying to him.

"Why! it has no beautiful jewels!" they piped. "It has

only a lot of little brown bags hanging on its branches."

"Yes! Yes!" said Jeweler-Fairy knowingly, "but come here and I'll whisper you a secret."

So the three little elves put their heads together and Jeweler-Fairy whispered, "The Jewel-Weed must have heard I was coming to gather his treasure. He's done up his jewels in those little brown bags. But in Fairyland no living thing has the right to keep its treasures all to itself. It must learn to share its beauties with others. So we'll all climb up the stem of the plant, and when I say 'Ready! Go!' we'll each seize the treasure bag that hangs nearest, throw ourselves on our grasshoppers and gallop swiftly away."

"Yes! Yes! That's what we'll do!" crowed the elves.

To the foot of the Weed they ran and chased each other up the stalk, till each was very near a slim little pod. Then for a moment they sat still and caught their breath, waiting for Jeweler-Fairy to speak the word. Soon he leaned forward and whispered cautiously:

"Ready now! Go!"

Out went Bachelor's-Button's hand! Out went Goatsbeard's hand! Out went Jeweler-Fairy's hand! But Oh dear me! Just as each one touched the treasure bag he meant to seize, Pop Bang! Pop Bang! the pods exploded, like so many popguns, and threw a shower of little round bullets everywhere about!

Down to the ground Bachelor's-Button was blown!

Down to the ground Goatsbeard was blown!

Down to the ground Jeweler-Fairy was blown, while the grasshoppers reared and pranced at the noise.

"A cannonade! He's firing on us!" wailed the sprites. Up they jumped onto their steeds, and away they rode like lightning! Bang Bang! Pop Bang! the Jewel-Weed's firing sounded behind them.

Never once did those little sprites stop till they dashed into Lady-Slipper's presence.

"Oh, Queen," breathlessly stammered Jeweler-Fairy, "we

went to gather your necklace of Jewel-Weed blossoms, and the Jewel-Weed had done up his jewels in little brown bags and —."

"And when we went to gather the bags," interrupted Goatsbeard, "the Jewel-Weed began firing on us!"

"He fired a whole volley of real black cannon balls!" added Bachelor's-Button.

Monkshood stood beside the Queen.

"Why, Jeweler-Fairy," he said, with a very wise air, "your Jewel-Weed had gone to seed. His popguns were just his seed pods. When those little seed pods have come he always fires like that on any who touch his treasure."

"You may be very wise with your reasons," grumbled Jeweler-Fairy, "but anyhow, I wish you'd been there to feel what his popguns are like."

"The Jewel-Weed was right to fire," said the Queen very gently. "If he did not willingly give us his jewels, we had no right to take them."

"But Oh! Oh! Oh! we meant to serve you," cried Goatsbeard ruefully.

"So you shall serve me still," went on the Queen. "Those Jewel-Weed popguns are just what I've long been looking for. Go back now and pick up from the ground every one of the cannon balls the Jewel-Weed fired. Fill up your bags and bring them back to me."

"But what in the world will you do with the balls?" asked Jeweler-Fairy in surprise.

"Wait and you'll see!" answered Lady-Slipper.

So off scurried Goatsbeard, Bachelor's-Button and Jeweler-Fairy once again. Cautiously, not going near enough Jewel-Weed to wake up another volley of bullets, they picked up the little round balls from the ground and filled their white petunia sacks full.

Before the Queen's Bower, when they returned, Lady-Slipper and all her fairies had gathered, and there stood the Thistledown Express waiting to carry them away.

"Into the train," ordered the Queen, "and bring the cannon balls along!"

The gondola cars were soon piled full with every fairy in Fairyland. Choo, Choo! Ding Dong! they were off! And they rode and they rode and they rode.

"Dear me!" thought Goatsbeard to himself, tightly clutching his bag, "it looks to me very much as though we were going to Mirror Pool. I thought the Queen knew nothing about the place, but I truly believe after all there's nothing she does not know. What can she be going to do with these bullets at Mirror Pool?"

Goatsbeard was right. The little train stopped at last beside the glassy pool and the fairies sprang lightly down to laugh at their faces in the water.

"Now," said the Queen, "it is time we fixed the border of Fairyland here. That's what we've come for. There shall be no more uncertainty about what belongs to Fairyland. Beyond lies the Country-of-Queer-Little-Shadows, but the Mirror Pool is ours. Turkscap!" she called, "take your elves and march all around the pool. On the other side you will find Mistress Darning-Needle and all those who serve her. Tell her no creature shall longer have make-believe beauties here to sell. Our beauties must all be real and true. Indeed nothing else is lovely. Her wigs and her beards must every one be destroyed."

"And are we to drive her out of Fairyland?" asked Turkscap, ready at once for action.

"No," said the Queen, "she may choose. If she wishes to enter my service and do some good work for me, then she and her maids shall stay in Fairyland. But if she should still insist on selling her vanities, then over the border she goes to the Country-of-Queer-Little-Shadows."

Turkscap and his elves were off in a hurry. Goatsbeard was going too, but the Queen called after him.

"Goatsbeard, do you and Bachelor's-Button and Jeweler-Fairy stay here and guard the bags of cannon balls."

So the three little men came back to wait among the Queen's ladies. Not a word did Lady-Slipper say to Goatsbeard about the place. She acted as though she had quite forgotten he started out once to explore it. And Goatsbeard! — wasn't he glad he had parted with all the things he had bought there! Wasn't he glad he knew quite clearly that he wanted no more of such vanities!

Soon there came a great noise of buzzing and humming from the other side of the pool.

"The little shopkeepers are scolding," said Lady-Slipper. But however much they scolded, pretty soon in the air coming toward the Queen appeared a drove of blue darning-needles, and close behind, down below on the ground, marched Turks-cap and his army.

"Good Queen," he said, "the beards and wigs have all been thrown in the pool, and Mistress Darning-Needle comes to offer you her services. Not for all the wigs in the world would she be shut out of Fairyland."

"Queen of Fairyland," buzzed Mistress Darning-Needle, "since we've given up our shop, pray make me Chief Seamstress to your court, and my maids and I will do all your sewing."

Lady-Slipper smiled graciously.

"That's just what I'll do," she said.

Then she ordered her fairies all to advance to the other side of the pool.

"Now," she said, as she stood where the vanity shop had been, and looked off toward the Country-of-Queer-Little-Shadows, "right here on the border we'll plant our cannon ball seeds. They'll each one grow to be a jewel-weed cannon. On every side, all about Fairyland, we'll raise a row of these little popguns. Whoever then tries to break through the hedge and force his way into Fairyland will only find himself driven back with a Pop! Pop! Bang! and a shower of balls."

"Ho! Ho! Ho!" cried the fairies, as Goatsbeard and the others set to work to plant the seeds.

"But, Queen," said little Violet, "do you wish to shut all the world out of Fairyland?"

"No, no," answered Lady-Slipper smiling, "the whole wide world is welcome here. Only, whoever comes shall never get in again through the Country-of-Queer-Little-Shadows. There the borders are closed forever — forever and forever."

"And the Rainbow Bridge, will there be no entrance that way?" queried Johnny-Jump-Up anxiously.

"The Rainbow Bridge shall be guarded, too, by a row of jewel-weed cannon," said the Queen. "For one end of the Rainbow arch is always in the Country-of-Queer-Little-Shadows. Henceforward and ever after there shall be but one road open for all who would come to Fairyland."

"And what is that road?" cried the elves.

Suddenly the fairies saw Lady-Slipper lightly standing above them on the straight golden shaft of a sunbeam, and there where the sunbeam entered Fairyland lo and behold! was a wonderful, opened, golden gate.

"This is the one open road," said Lady-Slipper joyously. "No jewel-weed cannon will ever close this golden path."

She held out her arms toward the whole wide world with a beautiful smile of welcome, while she and all of her glad little elves began to sing together:

"Come to us! Come to us! Come one and all!
Come and be glad with us! Hark how we call!

"Here is the joy of the earth and the sky,
Freshness and sweetness in everything lie.

"Come to us! Come! But pay heed what we say,
The Road of the Sunbeam's the one open way!"

Here are the Titles of the Stories that Appear in "Whisk Away on a Sunbeam"

The Thistledown Express.

The Round Up of Fractious Grasshoppers.

A Visit to Market Square.

The Feast of the Firefly Chandeliers.

A Joke on Dutchman's-Breeches.

The Fairy Zoo.

Catching the Wild Snap-Dragon.

A Question of Dutchman's-Pipe.

The Whale that Invaded Smiling Pond.

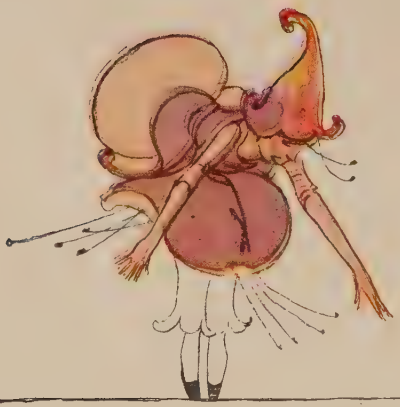
Witch-Hazel's Secret.

Johnny-Jump-Up's Snowstorm.

In Search of a Beard.

The Country-of-Queer-Little-Shadows.

The Jewel-Weed's Surprise.



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